THE BYSTANDER
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JULY 22, 1931
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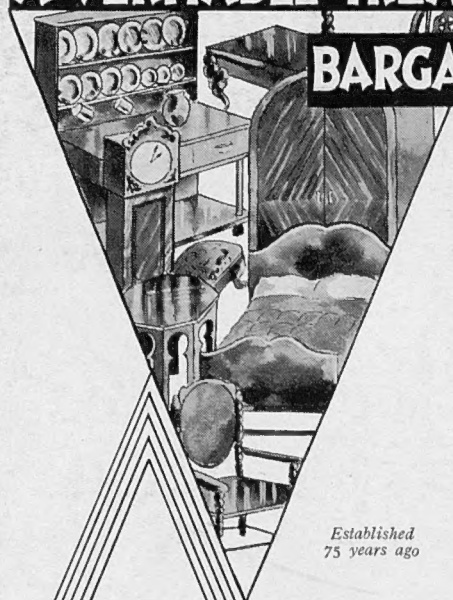

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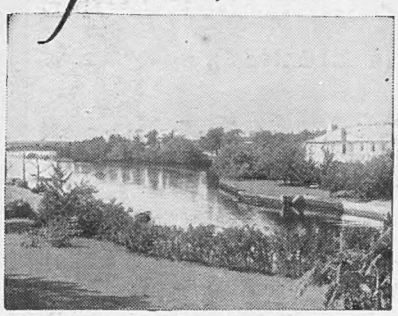

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The Bystander, July 22, 1931 No. 1440 Vol. CXI.

the BYSTANDER

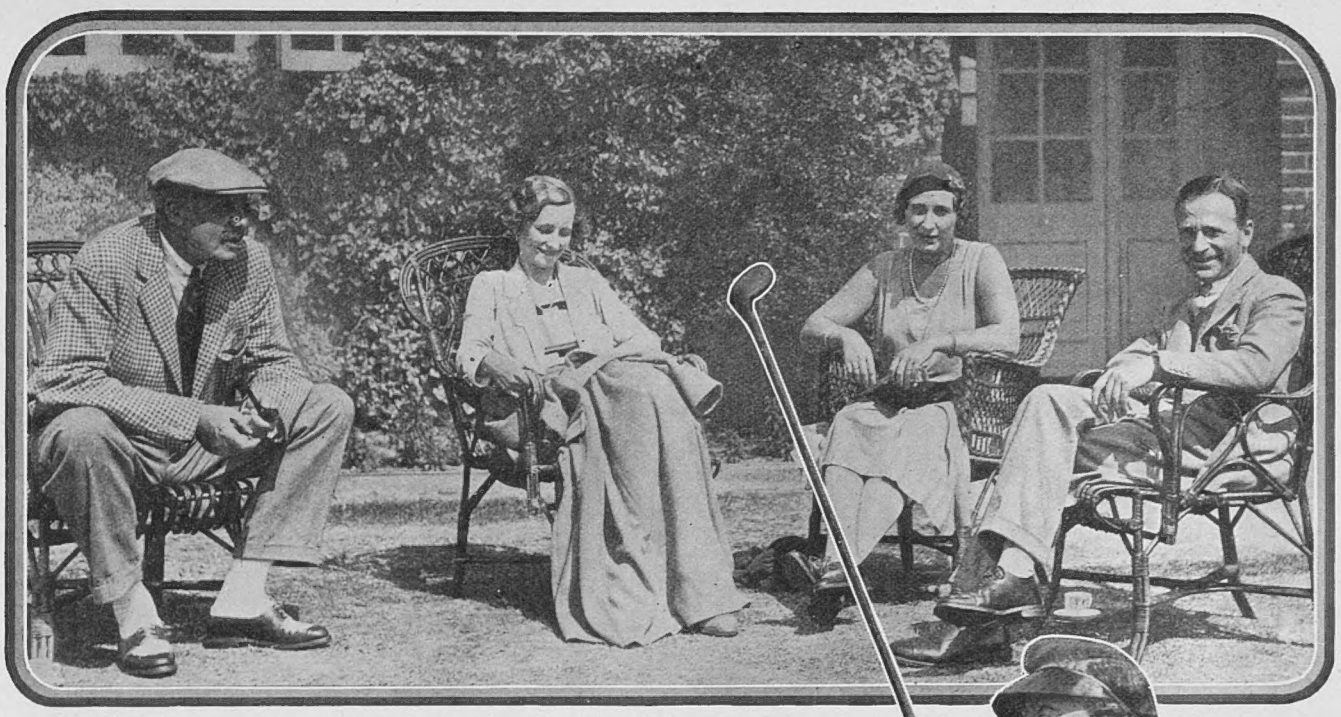
Bertram Park

LADY BURNEY

Whose husband, Sir Dennistoun Burney, invented a novel design of motor car in which the engine is at the back, and one of these cars was recently purchased by the Prince of Wales. Lady Burney, who was married in 1921, is the younger daughter of Mr. George Henry High, of Lake Shore Drive, Chicago

ARCHANGELS AT TEWKESBURY

Two incidents from the Historical Pageant which took place at Tewkesbury last week. In the upper picture the scene depicting the marriage of Richard Beauchamp, Lord Abergavenny, to Isabel Le Despenser is being enacted in the meadow in front of the famous Abbey, and below is seen Mr. Courtney Bromet as the Spirit of the Abbey, tenderly guarded by the Archangels Michael (left), played by Miss Joyce Fair, and Gabriel (the Countess of Plymouth), who Mr. Gwen Lally, the producer, felt symbolise the Spirit of the Abbey



Sir Eric Hambro (left) escapes from the worries of the International financial crises to enjoy a week end's golf at Sandwich. Seen with him are Mrs. Gordon, Lady Hambro and Mr. Gordon

the passing hour

THE Court Ball and the German crisis have been the two main incidents of the week, though, such is human nature, almost as much interest was displayed in the case brought by Mrs. Daisy Moss, the former Daisy Markham, against Mr. Francis Haggie. The German crisis will have involved in temporary embarrassments quite a number of English people who have gone to Munich and Bayreuth for the music festivals. I do not know whether Lord Rosse and Mr. Gavin Henderson, Lord Faringdon's son, have already left for Munich, but the last time I saw them they were buying tickets.

IN point of fact, I rather think they were not intending to leave before the end of the month, by which time, who knows, it may all have blown over. The many Germans now in London must also be suffering acute anxiety. It will be most interesting to know, however, what Max Schmeling, the German Heavyweight Champion of the World, is doing at the moment. He has only just arrived home with his pockets stuffed with American dollars, following his defeat of Stribling.

TO revert to England, the golden wedding of Lord and Lady Strathmore on Thursday was passed very quietly. There will, however, be joint celebrations of this event and the coming of age of the Master of Glamis, Lord Strathmore's grandson, next month. I personally shall never forget Lord Strathmore on the day that the engagement of his daughter, then Lady Elisabeth Bowes-Lyon, to the Duke of York, was announced. Lord Strathmore was down at St. Paul's, Waldenbury, in Hertfordshire, and the place was surrounded by floods of English and American photographers, and even movie-camera men.

LADY JEAN DALRYMPLE

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Niall Rankin, the younger son of Sir Reginald and Lady Rankin. She is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair

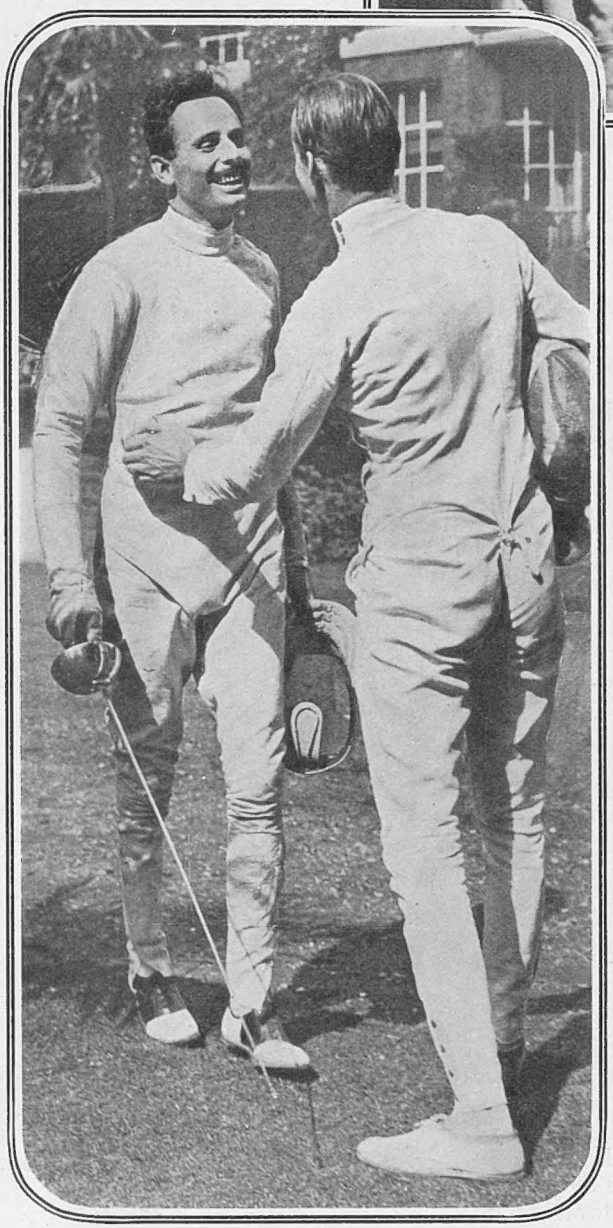
Mrs. Critchley, the wife of Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley, the Vice-Chairman of the Greyhound Racing Association, sets a new fashion when golfing at Sandwich. This is the first time women have been known to wear the trousers—on the golf links

THE BREAKING-UP OF OLD ESTATES

LORD STRATHMORE was quite overwhelmed by this sudden invasion, but he smilingly consented to be photographed with a pruning hook in his hand. Incidentally, he introduced me to the photographers as his son, Lord Glamis. None of them knew any better, and the camera-men ground out at least 200 feet.

IN London, in Lord Strathmore's house, things were even more exciting. The whole street was impassable to traffic. Butlers gazed haughtily out of ground-floor windows, parlour-maids out of second-floor windows, housemaids from the third and fourth floors, while the cooks looked up from the areas. The Duke of York was in the house at the time, paying a morning call in approved fashion. I do not suppose that anyone who was in Bruton Street that day will forget it.

Prince George making his speech when opening the Bradford Historical Pageant at Peel Park last week. The Mayor of Bradford, Alderman John Carter, is seen keeping watch and ward over His Royal Highness's bowler during the ceremony



Sir Oswald Mosley keeps his hand in for the Battle of Politics by fencing in the literal, but not verbal, way. He is seen above after a strenuous bout at Ranelagh

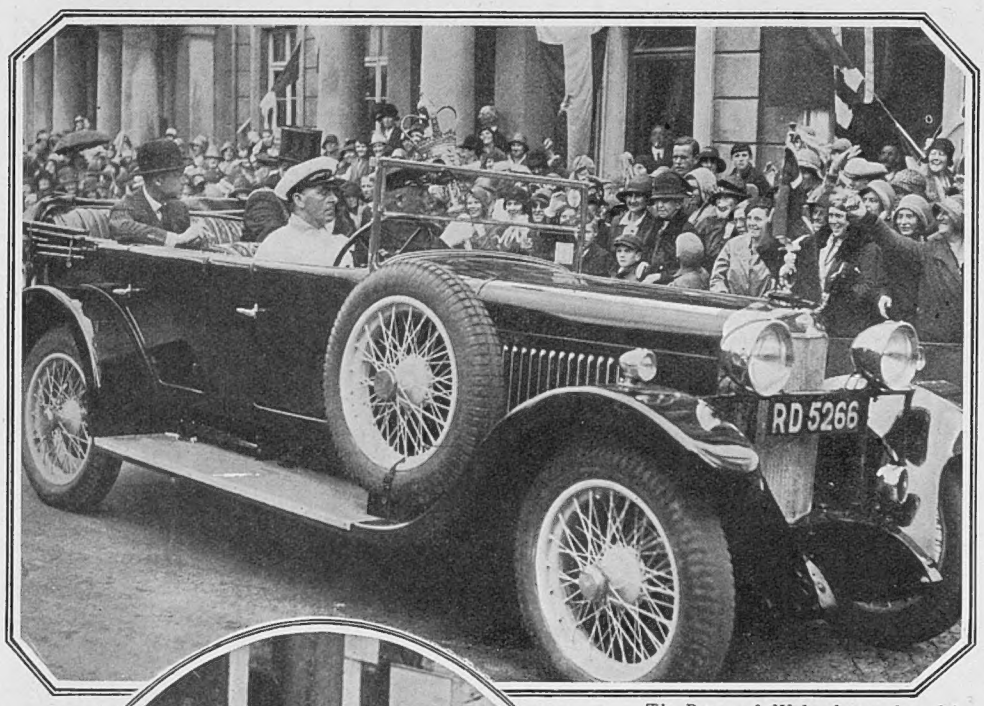
THE announcement that the King and Queen will in all probability visit Cowes a few days before the official opening of Regatta Week is worth thousands of pounds to the locality. In addition to the real yachting enthusiasts, swarms of sightseers will be present. Yachts belonging to members of the Royal Yacht Squadron which were there last week-end included Sir Victor Warrender's Norada, General Seely's Izme, Lord Normanton's Siren, Lord Albemarle's Mayfly, and Lord Inchcape's Rover. Britannia went to the West of England some days ago to compete in the regattas there, but will soon be back.

ONE after another our big country houses are being closed; let for schools or institutions; or demolished, because of the burden of death duties and taxation. Hornby Castle was beyond the fees of a school or a private lunatic asylum. The Duke of Leeds, therefore, had no alternative but to hand it over to the housebreakers and sell its material, inside and out, piecemeal, for what it would fetch. Lord Durham was faced with something like half a million death duties because of the deaths of his father and his uncle within six months of each other. So Lambton Castle has had to be closed. The Duke of Newcastle, I believe, has had to shut up Clumber. At any rate, he has lent some of the best pictures in the house to the city of Nottingham.

NOW there is sorrow and consternation in Neath because Mr. Alexander Coombe-Tennant is forced to close Cadoxton Lodge, a house famous for its hospitality during the reign of his mother, Mrs. Coombe-Tennant, who was as delightful and popular a hostess in London as she was in Wales.

There have been two deaths within ten years of the owners of Cadoxton. Hundreds of acres have been sold to pay the double death duties, with the

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT PLYMOUTH



The Prince of Wales being cheered by the crowd at Plymouth last week when he visited the Hospitals' Fair, and in the Council Chamber declared the new aerodrome open. He is seen driving from the station to Admiralty House with the Mayor, Mr. J. C Tozer

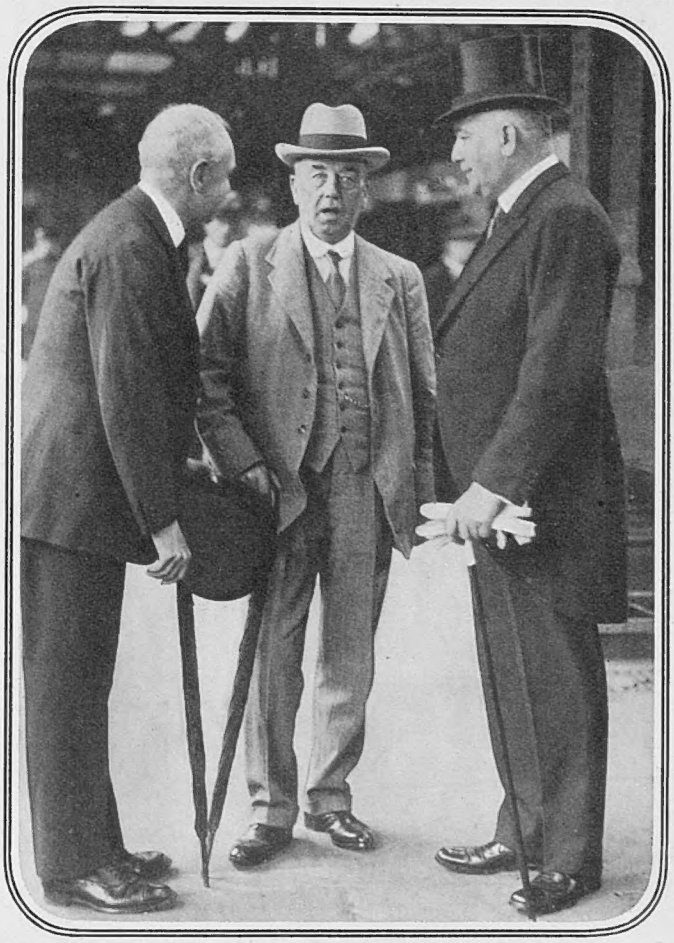
A pretty scene on the Prince's arrival at the Plymouth Hospitals' Fair. The Mayor's little daughter is presenting him with a souvenir programme before he starts his round of inspection

result that Mr. Alexander Coombe-Tennant, for the present at any rate, cannot keep up Cadoxton Lodge. He is shutting up the house and going into business in London.

AT Cadoxton, as in all cases where big country houses are shut up or demolished because of the heavy death duties and taxation, the local labour they have employed is no longer required. The local tradesmen suffer equally; also the local authorities in the matter of rates and taxes. But the Government has had the capital sum in death duties, which they have spent as if it were income—probably to give the dole to men pushed out of work by the forced closing of the big house.

WHERE is Sophie Tucker? The answer is that she is, like most good American artists, at Juan-les-Pins. Mr. Phillips Oppenheim is there also, of course. Whenever I go there I find him gambling at the same table. Gloria Swanson and Maurice Dekobra, who wrote "The Madonna of the Sleeping Car," are there also. I wonder whether Dekobra will be able to secure any material for his next novel from Sophie? If so, he might give it the theme of "All men love a fat woman" — Miss Tucker's most famous song. But I cannot imagine her in a bathing dress, can you?

ANY number of English golfers are now at Knocke for the Belgian Amateur Championship. The entries include Mr. Dale



Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Foreign Secretary, in conversation with a Councillor of the French Embassy (left) and the German Ambassador, Baron von Neurath, before leaving Victoria for Paris during the International financial crisis. The situation on the Continent became one of extreme gravity

A WESTMINSTER ABBEY WEDDING

Some of the eleven bridesmaids who attended Lady Davina Lytton, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton, at her wedding to the Earl of Erne at Westminster Abbey last week. Because the bridegroom is a godson of the King, he was accorded the privilege of being married at the High Altar, and this was the first wedding to be solemnised there since that of the Duke and Duchess of York

The Earl of Erne and Lady Davina Lytton leaving Westminster Abbey after their wedding. The bride, who carried a very small bouquet, wore no jewels, and the bridesmaids also followed this fashion

Bourn, Douglas Grant, Lord Castlerosse, Mr. Reginald Straker, Mr. John Morrison, and a number of others who have heard what a good golf course it is, and possibly, too, about the Casino! The tournament is being played over the new course at Zante, which is a very severe test of golf.

THE Southern Railway has faith not only in the power of the Press, but also in its endurance! To inaugurate the new service to Biarritz via St. Malo, which port, after twenty years' work, can now be used at any state of the

Miss Romaine Combe, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. Boyce Combe, of Great Holt, Dockenfield, Surrey. Her engagement has been announced to Viscount Castlereagh, the only son of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry

A NEW SERVICE TO BIARRITZ

The Hon. Thomas William Assheton Frankland, Frankland and Baroness Zouche, and Miss Edna Maud after their wedding at Eastham. With them are the maids, the Misses E. Busby, S. Aikman, P. Mott, two child attendants, Gerald

15/19th Hussars, the elder son of Sir Frederick Fox, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Fox, best man, the Hon. Roger Frankland, and the brides-O. Winther, J. Madocks and A. Dennis, and the Dennis and Joan Bibby

tide, I was personally conducted for a week-end to the Basque country. A run round Caen, a delightful old Norman town of great historical interest, with a luncheon at the Hôtel d'Angleterre given by the Municipalité and the Syndicat d'Initiative, was included in the itinerary as a sort of make-weight!

A visit by motor car to Bagnoles de l'Orne, surely one of the prettiest of inland spas in France, was made en route for Alençon, where the Manche-Ocean Express was boarded, and I arrived at Biarritz about midday on a Sunday, having started on Friday night. In the evening the Mayor, at a dinner, could not but enunciate the obvious when descanting upon the beauties of the Basque and Pyrenees districts, which I had already visited in the afternoon by a motor ride round the surrounding country, including Hendaye, Ciboure, and St. Jean de Luz, not to mention a sight of Spain and a look at the Casino at Biarritz, where one can win — or lose — money under ideal conditions.

The next morning—far too early for my taste!—the homeward journey on the best permanent way in France was begun to St. Malo, and I found myself at Waterloo on Tuesday at 10.15 a.m., having travelled nearly two thousand miles in eighty-seven hours! I do not recommend so hurried a trip, though made in the utmost comfort, to the ordinary traveller, if only for the reason that the charm of the places mentioned cannot be fully appreciated in so short a time.

The Hon. Elwyn Villiers Rhys, second son of Lord and Lady Dynevor, and Miss Diana Sloane Stanley, the younger daughter of Major Sloane Stanley and Olivia Countess Cairns, after their wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square. They are seen with the bride's attendants, Miss Judy Dugdale and Master Timothy Beaumont

The great advantages of this Southampton-St. Malo route is that it is quicker and cheaper, for the night is spent in crossing the Channel, and there is no necessity to pay extra for sleeping cars, while passengers from the North, Midlands and West can travel direct to Southampton without being compelled to spend a night in London.

This last week seems to have been full of births, marriages, deaths, christenings, and engagements. Lord Castlereagh, Lord Londonderry's son, who has announced his engagement to Miss Romaine Combe, is slim, spectacled, and, I fancy, cynical. This is not surprising when one considers that Londonderry

THE FASHION IN BABIES

House is given over to so many good works and receptions each week that Lord Castlereagh himself does not always know, when he goes out in the morning, what will be happening at his home when he comes back in the afternoon. That, at least, is what he told me a few weeks ago when the bridge tournament was being held there.

MISS ROMAINE COMBE has been out for some time now. She is a pretty girl and many people must often have wondered why she had not married before. It seems, however, nowadays, that if one does not marry at about 18 or 19, that one waits for rather longer than used to be the fashion just after the War or before it. As the future Lady Londonderry, Miss Combe's responsibilities and charitable duties will be extremely heavy if she follows in the footsteps of the present Lady Londonderry. Lord Castlereagh, however, is not particularly fond of receptions, banquets, and dances, and it would not surprise me if London will see less of him than it does of his father.

The Panthers' team, consisting of Mr. J. A. E. Traill, Major P. Magor, Captain C. T. I. Roark and Mr. E. H. Tyrrell-Martin, photographed after their victory over Merchiston by 8-4, for the King's Coronation Cup, which can be seen in the foreground

Commendatore Gelardi, manager of Claridge's Hotel, London, who has been "loaned" to the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, for the 1931-2 season. When there he will keep in touch with the London hotel by a daily conference with heads of departments by transatlantic telephone

BABIES among the smart young married set grow daily more fashionable. Five years ago it was thought very nearly provincial to become a mother. Now, as in New York, everybody seems to want to be one. Some parents parade their offspring at cocktail parties as though they were a cabaret act. Most of them, however, are astonishingly maternal and busily read all kinds of technical works on the subject. Incidentally, the stork is hovering over the roof of a number of Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness's friends at the moment.

LORD CHURCHILL'S small daughter and Mr. and Mrs. Loel Guinness's infant son were both christened

Miss Elizabeth Harman, elder daughter of Mr. N. Bishop Harman, M.A., M.B., F.R.C.S., and Mrs. Harman, who is engaged to the Hon. Francis A. Pakenham, younger son of the late Earl of Longford and the Dowager Countess of Longford

Lenare

Miss Phyllis Hartnell, sister of Mr. Norman Hartnell, the famous dress designer, who married Capt. James Stuart, R.E., at St. Peter's, Seal, on Saturday last. She sails for India in September, and is abandoning her business activities, in which she is associated with her brother

THE SEASON STILL GOING STRONG

The lawn tennis quartette on whom our hopes rest in the doubles of the Wightman Cup contest, which will be decided on August 7-8, at Forest Hills. Left to right: Miss Betty Nuthall, Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall, Mrs. Shepherd-Barron and Miss Phyllis Mudford

last week. The scene of the first was the Chapel Royal, St. James's Palace, outside which the sentry can be seen marching up and down with fixed bayonet. That of the second was at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Princess Ingrid was one of the godmothers of this latest addition to the Guinness clan, and actually held the baby at the font. Sir Philip Sassoon, Sir John and Lady Milbanke, and Lord Churston were among the sponsors.

WHAT, I wonder, is the process whereby one can get married in a private house in London instead of in a church or chapel? And can this only be done by Americans? Last week Mr. A. J. Wright, the blind American millionaire, got married at No. 1 Carlton House Terrace by special permission of the Archbishop of Canterbury. In America, of course, it is common enough to get married in a private house.

A NEW sign of the times is the longevity of the Season nowadays compared with pre-War days, and London is as full as ever, the restaurants and clubs showing no indication of that somnolent emptiness usually associated with the dog days. They have been busy of late over the installation of a new refrigerating cooling system at the Monseigneur, where Douglas Byng will continue to add appreciably to the gaiety of nations during August. By the way, if you have not yet sampled Tony's Monseigneur cocktail, do so forthwith. In the near future, even on the hottest day, iced air will always be on draught here, so to speak.

CIRO'S is another place where things are proceeding as busily as ever, and there is no diminution in the numbers who dance and sup there nightly. Among those who were to be seen there recently were the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke of Norfolk and his sister.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

Follow me if you like. I have had an each way wager on a certain horse every time he has run for two seasons, and he has been placed four times in good company. The horse is CEDARWOOD, and I have taken 40 to 1 about him for the Stewards' Cup at Goodwood. Over five furlongs at Ascot he was beaten a head and three-quarters of a length by Stingo and Tag End. Get on at long odds, and if he fulfils his Liverpool engagement have a bit on.

Keep an eye on the horses already mentioned to follow, and in addition this week, I am selecting what I consider some good propositions for Liverpool.

DASTUR should be suited by the course, and win the Lancashire Breeders' Produce Stakes.

KHORSHEED claims a substantial maiden allowance and on his Ascot running should go close for the St. Leger Stakes.

SERVUS, now at his best, has shown to advantage on the course and may carry off the Abbeystead Plate for the third year in succession.

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN has been allotted top weight in the Liverpool Cup, but he is confidently expected to score.

Miss K. Simmers, the 17-year-old St. Alban's school-girl, who has sprung into fame by beating Mrs. I. H. Wheatcroft in the West Herts Open Championship and Mrs. G. Maclean in the Hertfordshire Championship. She won the finals in both events against the holders easily, and her play was most effective

Lenare

MRS. WARREN DELANO MARTINEAU

Whose marriage to the third son of the late Mr. Cyril Martineau and of Mrs. Martineau, of Draycott Place, S.W., took place at St. Mary's, Westerham, Kent, on July 9. She is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Grant Forbes, of Boston, Massachusetts, and of Squerryes Court, Westerham

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

MAYFAIR double-owe-four-three . . . Hello! . . . Baa? . . . Hello, darling . . . I'm dead . . . yes, very end-of-the-seasonish . . . limp, cross, and blasé . . . I hear one very popular debutante went to the country for the week-end and slept for over twenty-four hours . . . What? . . . who has had the most exciting clothes this season? . . . well, let me think . . . Baba Beaton's cape of real white feathers . . . Olive Pearce's black bowler with a yellow feather, the first one seen at the Ritz. . . . Mrs. Corrigan's pyjamas . . . the first ones worn at the Embassy . . . the largest hat ever . . . worn by Oonagh Kindersley . . . and the Ruthven twins' red velvet dresses . . .

* * *

I WONDER which were the best parties; there were so many good ones that it is difficult to choose . . . the Cunningham-Reids' was the most original, the Woolley-Harts' and Whighams' the most lavish . . . Beatrice Cartwright's and the Wills' were fun . . . so was the Converses' . . . but one could go on for ever . . . the three best charity balls are easily . . . the Queen Charlotte's, the Derby Ball, and the Famous Beauties' . . .

* * *

HOW stupid it is that a beautiful girl is seldom allowed to prove herself a good actress . . . pretty Winifred Shotter . . . who has been so much in the papers lately . . . never has a good acting part . . . Ann Todd is another . . . but I'm pleased to say that Diana Beaumont got the chance of showing us last week in *Disturbance* that she has brains as well as beauty . . .

* * *

THE new bowlers, ostrich feathers and all, are making us all feminine again. . . I saw Miss Carstairs the other day at Romano's and hardly recognised her . . . she wore a most attractive chiffon blouse with a tiny Victorian cape . . . and from her ears hung huge gold ring earrings. . . Romaine Combe, who is engaged to Lord Castlereagh, is a perfect darling . . . very attractive and great fun . . . she is a cousin of Eileen Sutherland's, and is so often at Sutton or Hampden House . . . that it is her second home. . . . Romaine is very graceful . . . it is rare to find girls in these days of athletic sports who move really beautifully . . .

* * *

GLADYS JESSEL does, and so does Essex Drury . . . there were hundreds of cocktail parties last week, Baa . . . I can't tell you about them all . . . but the best . . . largest . . . and longest lived was one given in Seymour Street by four hosts . . . Patricia Robertson . . . John de Forest . . . Terry Weldon and Lord Churston . . . two bars and a band! what more could one want? . . . There was no doubt of the popularity of the "cocktail-dansant," because it went on until after ten. . . . Bridget Poulett looked lovely in a Robin-Hood bowler . . . the Ward twins, who arrived separately for once . . . were dancing, separately of course, with one Beaton sister. . . . Audrey Coats wore a thick coat with a deep blue fox fur . . . dyed to match the ensemble . . .

* * *

QUITE the prettiest person present at the Erne-Lytton wedding was the bride . . . who looked radiant, and after her Alexandra Metcalfe deserved a prize . . . her sister, Cynie Mosley, is not as thin as she was, but was in great form. . . . Dorothy Plunkett has got one of the new white leather coats trimmed with tiny bands of black ermine. . . I love black ermine, especially on white . . . Molly Pudukota . . . who, incidentally, gave some very amusing luncheon parties this season . . . has a white coat lavishly ornamented with black ermine . . . and Betty Stevens, whom we all know better as Betty Hulton, wore a blue ensemble at Lord's with black ermine bands. . . .

* * *

EVERYWHERE I go people are talking of Mary Booker and her beauty . . . she has large dark eyes and a smooth, rather pale skin . . . her hair has touches of grey in it, although she is very young . . . she has a calm, unruffled expression, yet her face is very expressive. . . . I can't describe her to you properly, but she is very lovely . . . her great friend is Kitty Bruce, the novelist.

* * *

TALKING of novelists, I saw Rosita Forbes looking . . . in yellow . . . like a ray of sunshine. . . . Rosita always seems quite unreal . . . someone from a novel . . . she is so intrepid, and yet appearing so frail and feminine . . . she is a worker, too . . . by her bed there are always pencils and paper . . . and for two hours every morning she must not be disturbed.

* * *

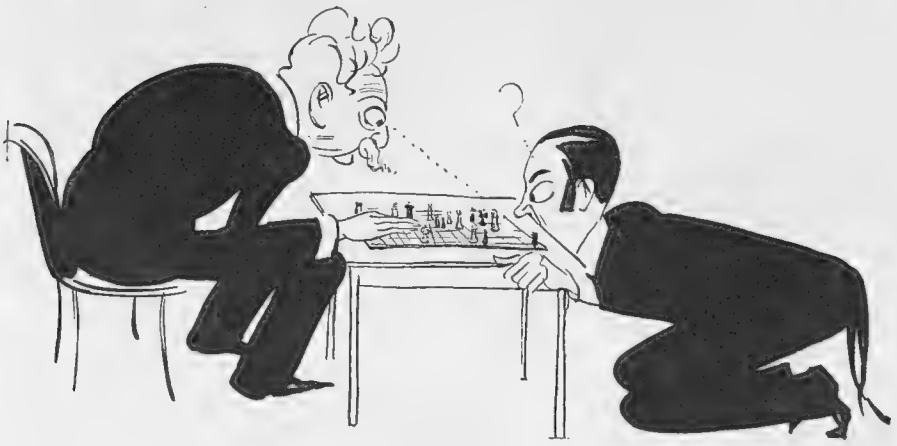
DARLING, I must trot off now. . . . I have to buy a really entrancing bathing-dress, and, of course, one of those new capes to match.

THE FASCINATION OF THE FAN

Miss Margot Grahame, the British film star, in the wonderful costume she wore in a tableau at the Fan Ball. Held recently at the Dorchester in aid of the Charing Cross Hospital, it was quite one of the best and brightest charity balls of the season

AT THE PLAY

THE BLIGHT ON THE THEATRE



PAWNS IN THE GAME

Sir Danvers Carew (Frank Lacey), Dr. Jekyll's prospective father-in-law, and Gabriel Utterson (G. H. Mulcaster), a solicitor friend of the good doctor's, indulge in a vigorous game of chess. Meanwhile their host is indulging in an even more vigorous game of Mr. Hyde-and-Seek with the local police

SIR ALFRED BUTT spoke last week on the question of the opening of theatres on Sunday evenings when the Sunday Performances (Regulation) Bill was discussed in committee in the House of Commons. His plea that the Theatre should have equality of opportunity in competing with the Cinema for the entertainment of the people on Sunday night is one which, from the point of logic and fair dealing, need not be stressed, but I join issue with Sir Alfred if he means to suggest that the opening of theatres on Sunday will alone bring back prosperity to the stage.

A LABOUR Member, Mr. R. S. Young, when opposing Sir Alfred, said that "the present position of the theatrical industry was due not to Sunday cinemas but to theatrical managerial incompetence." Mr. Young was absolutely right, but he did not go far enough. He might have added theatrical managerial dishonesty.

WHAT the Stage is cursed with at the present time is a number of men who know far more about which side their bread is buttered than a knowledge of what will, or will not, hit the public taste. They have no love for the drama as such. Tradition is nothing to them. Regarded as an art acting fails to interest. Their be-all and end-all in the business is to make money for themselves at the expense of other people.

TAKE Mr. A., for instance. He reads and selects plays not with any idea of their making any money for his backers—he never risks his own—but because he is acquainted with some woman who is anxious for a good part in a play and who can put up a big cheque towards production expenses. There are also minor parts which can be filled by ambitious young women—men are not so easily caught—who are also prepared to put up smaller cheques, but these also are grateful and comforting to the manager, who thus finds large casts more profitable than small ones! The play is produced. The critics sigh, but do not say what they really think, and one more failure is added to the long list.

THE innocent may wonder where there can be any profit on a failure, but the manager contrives, on the "heads-I-win-tails-you-lose" method, to feather his own nest. He has raked in a few thousands for a dud production out of which he pays himself a nice, fat salary, to which may be added a lump sum for his hard work in producing the play. He therefore stands to win more by failures than successes, for the reason that the more he produces in a year the more lump sums he stands to gain! And as long as he can get fools to part with their money he is in clover.

THESE exploiters of the theatre do incalculable harm, and there are far too many of them about. Not long ago a leading part in a play with music was given to an actress whose performance was pathetically bad. Those who did not know the facts wondered what had induced the manager to cast her for the part. The

JUST A CHOKE ON THE HOUSEKEEPER

Mr. Hyde (Arthur Phillips) returns to his chambers in Soho after committing a particularly juicy murder and keeps his hand in by nearly throttling his housekeeper (Ruth Maitland), who threatened to call in the police. The property storm raging without is as nothing to the storm that rages within the room

By Vernon Woodhouse

SKETCHES OF "THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

THAT "THIRD DEGREE" STUFF

Inspector Newcome (Vincent Holman) and Gabriel Utterson (G. H. Mulcaster) put Mr. Hyde's housekeeper (Ruth Maitland) through so stern a cross-examination that the poor little woman breaks down on her story and the burly policeman (Sidney Hallows). Her trunk softens her fall, however, and is swooned over for half the act

inducement was a £1,000 cheque extracted from her husband!

ONE failure begets another, and it is for this reason that when a good play is produced on try out lines in a small theatre, and is enthusiastically received by Press and public, it has little chance of being transferred to a bigger West End theatre. Managers are frightened. They have lost their nerve. At the moment of writing there are twenty-one theatres in London with closed doors, but not one of them will house a recent successful small production by a well-known author unless those who are responsible for all the initial expenses will risk further sums for a run in a larger West End theatre.

IN the old days we were told that the Actor-Manager was the curse of the Stage. Now that the species is almost as extinct as the dodo one realises that if they did cast themselves for the best parts they were not wrong in doing so; that they were a judge of plays, and they surrounded themselves with competent actors and actresses who were paid good salaries and did not have to pay the management to perform.

SUNDAY opening and cinema competition, to which I may revert later, is an important point, but it is insignificant compared with the damage done to the Stage by the commercial—and mainly uneducated—gentlemen who are far too prominent in West End productions nowadays. These gentry don't want to fill theatres—only their own pockets.

"The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," at the Savoy

I REFUSE to believe that William Holles, the producer of William Senior's stage version of the famous Stevenson story of the doctor with a dual personality deliberately set out, like the Fat Boy in Pickwick, to make our flesh creep. Having extracted lots and lots of quiet fun out of four acts of ghastly green lights, raging storms without, soft music and dialogues of a kind which, if it really *was* used in 1885, would explain Mr. Hyde's murderous hatred of his fellows, I prefer to regard this production as an entertaining parody of mid-Victorian melodrama at its mellowest.

As an example of what father liked *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is an excellent specimen, and as such it affords an interesting evening not untinged with amusement. V. W.

THE GRAND TRANSFORMATION SCENE

The wicked Mr. Hyde turns into the good, kind Dr. Jekyll under the very eyes of his sceptical colleague, Dr. Lanyon (J. Fisher White). The latter, despite the promise that the sight will blast his very reason, survives the ordeal and does not even indulge in a little revolver practice at the expense of his guest

THE NEW GAY PLAGE IN NORMANDY

Picturesque Normandy shops at Pourville. Inset is seen Mrs. Nick Prinsep, well known to theatre-goers as Anita Elson, before her plunge in the swimming-pool in front of the Hotel

The Grand Hotel is Pourville and Pourville is the Grand Hotel. Above is a corner of the Plage showing part of the Hotel and, on the right, the Channel, with the swimming-pool in the foreground. Very good golf is to be found at Dieppe near by, and polo, lawn tennis, dancing and the Casino all play their part in adding to the enjoyment of the visitor to Pourville

MOTOR BOATING

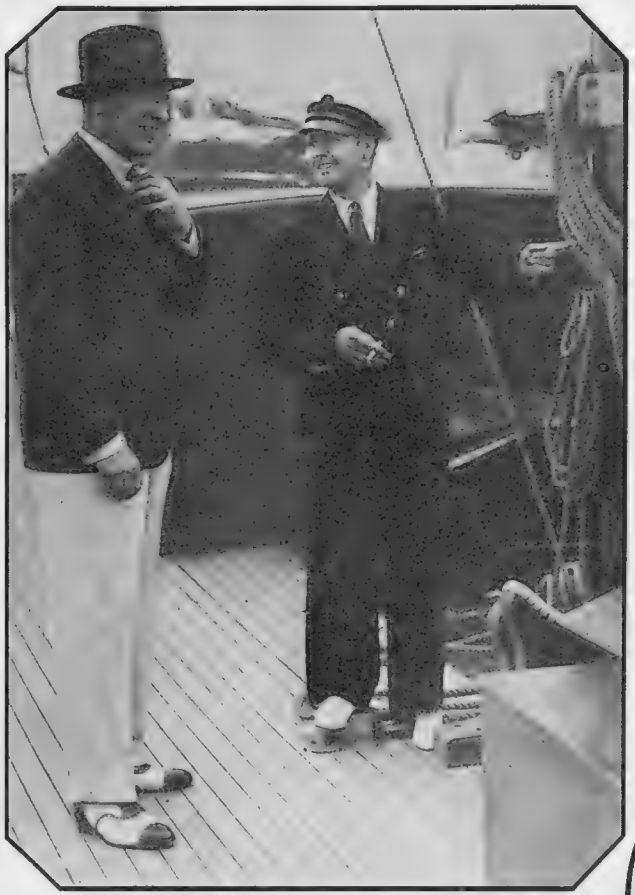
WHERE BRITAIN LEADS

Whyteleaf III, with Mr. F. White at the wheel, going all out during a trial run on Southampton Water. This English boat was specially built for the "Detroit News" Trophy, which is held by Great Britain by Mr. H. Scott-Paine, who designed Miss Britain II and Whyteleaf III, for a contest which failed to take place owing to the last-minute withdrawal of the American challengers

SOUTHAMPTON WATER is providing some of the most thrilling and spectacular sport in the world, for the Motor Boat Week is now in progress, and visitors are daily enjoying the sight of big and small craft going all out in an endeavour to win the many fine races arranged. Unfortunately the Americans are unable to send over any boats to compete in the most important international event, the *Detroit News* Trophy, but they have very sportingly expressed the desire that the existing arrangements under which the 1932 race would be in America be suspended, and that the Trophy remain here until the next contest be held. In expressing their goodwill and sincere regret at their absence this year, they have asked the British defenders to race for a Special Memento which they desire to present to the winner, and the three boats built for Miss Carstairs, Mr. H. Scott-Paine, and Mr. Fred White to defend the *Detroit News* Trophy will compete.

* *
*

THE Southern Railway have made special arrangements to assist the public to witness the racing, and their cross-Channel steamer, the Princess Ena, has been specially adapted to provide a viewpoint for about 250 people. She is moored on the opposite side of the course to the committee ship, on which loud-speakers are installed to give all information and results to the passengers. Special inclusive tickets, covering the rail journey from London, road conveyance between Southampton West and the Docks, and the trip on the Princess Ena, are issued for every day this week except Monday. First-class rail fares are 26s., and third-class 18s., with Pullman accommodation on the 10.30 a.m. train from Waterloo.



Miss Betty Carstairs (right) chatting with Col. W. C. Bersey, Commodore of the Royal Motor Yacht Club, Hythe. Miss Carstairs' boat was to have competed against the Americans had they not scratched. The three English boats will race against each other

A SIGN of the growing popularity of motor boating is to be found in the fact that, at the request of a considerable number of new owners, three races have been added for novices, and these will take place to-day (Wednesday), Thursday, and Friday. That motor boating has now become a firm favourite is not to be wondered at, for it provides thrilling and healthy sport, and the advance made in all branches in recent years is very marked.

Especially is this the case with outboard motors, which are not only remarkably cheap but most efficient, and are now made for use on all sorts of craft from small rowing boats to small cabin cruisers and even heavy barges and house-boats, and most prominently associated with this class of engine is the name of Elto. Elto products are handled in

Mr. H. Scott-Paine at the wheel of Miss Britain II, which he designed. A photograph of this boat in action will be found on page 184

Mr. J. W Shillan's hydroplane, Non Sequitur III, fitted with an Elto engine—holder of the world's official outboard speed record for 1930, which will compete at Hythe on July 25, with Mr. Charles Harrison at the wheel

Great Britain and Ireland by the Elto Motor Sales Co., Ltd., 24, Harrison Street, London, W.C.1, who have agents throughout the country at those places where the pleasures of outboarding are possible, and an indication of the widespread market achieved by this firm can be gathered from the fact that Elto outboard motors are being used for commercial purposes by the Governments of the Argentine, Brazil, Canada, Mexico, New Zealand, South Africa and the U.S.A.

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ALTHOUGH the first outboard motors were little more than a toy, they have developed in variety and efficiency to such an extent that in this present year the Elto range includes no fewer than thirteen service and three racing models, most of which are produced in two standard shaft lengths, although they can be supplied with extra long shafts for special purposes. The power varies from 2.75 h.p. to approximately 50 h.p., and there are four electric starting models. The Elto racing models are very popular with the enthusiasts who indulge in the sporting side of motor-boating, and one of the "Four-Sixty" engines obtained the 1930 world's outboard speed record of 51.89 m.p.h.

***

OWING to increased sales and a subsequent lowering of the cost of production and distribution, the latest Elto models can now be purchased at remarkably low figures, ranging from £25 upwards. The "Lightweight," which is the lowest-priced twin-cylinder outboard motor, is very popular with anglers and yachtsmen, and will drive a medium-sized boat at a speed of about 8 m.p.h., whilst the new "Foldlight," which is of rather less power and about 9 lb. lighter in weight, is a model of compactness and portability, measuring, when folded, only 17in., and can be carried even by a child.

Wherever one goes nowadays the popularity of outboard racing becomes more and more apparent, and very many people who a few years ago would have laughed at the idea that they would ever try their hand at this exhilarating sport have now become wholehearted enthusiasts themselves. In this respect, it is interesting to note that both the Prince of Wales and Prince George recently took up outboard motor-boating, and have now become experts at the wheel of their craft.

***

THE racing at Southampton this week will doubtless go far to increase the general interest in motor-boat racing as a whole, and it is certainly most satisfactory to note that in this particular branch of sport Great Britain leads the world, thanks to the keenness of our sportsmen and the wonderful skill and enterprise of out boat-builders and marine engineers. To everyone who is interested in outboard racing a visit to the Waterdrome at Ye Old Welsh Harp at Hendon can be thoroughly recommended. On Saturdays and Sundays members of the London Motor Boat Club can be seen practising for their regular club meetings, the next such meeting being arranged for August 8 at Hendon.

Why trouble to row? The small, silent Elto outboard engine will do all the donkey work with ease and efficiency

Little Neddy, one of the American boats which was to have competed in the "Detroit News" Trophy contest The reason for the withdrawal of the American challengers was due to unsatisfactory trials

BY MACMICHAEL

"That's my Mater. The one in the loose enclosure!"

if Sossip we must

"Great Heavens, Ronald! I was nearly twice your age before I thought of taking a wife"

"But I'm not thinking of taking anybody's wife!"

WHEN they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful. Peace-work has much to be said for it (whichever way you spell it), and for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Lloyd George to be on the same platform on the turning-swords-into-ploughshares stunt and doing a little hatchet-burying at the same time is something at which to be amazed. I would that the Albert Hall Peace Meeting could have comforted as well as amazed me. I found it highly disconcerting, not because I am imbecile enough to want war, but because I am sensible enough to want security. That this meeting did no more good than preaching to the converted ever can is a minor point; had it been practicable it should have been held, complete with the three party leaders, not in a hall full of sympathisers, but in some spot out of this country altogether where war is in the air and where armaments are piling up like Pelion upon Ossa.

DID not this trio of Political Graces realise that, while they were talking about disarmament, other nations were arming to the teeth? Of course they did. They must too, have been well aware of the fact that Paris is just as agitated as she was in 1914, and not without reason. We have already disarmed to far beneath the safety limit. High naval officers are not hysterical jingoists; one and all say the same thing, and they are far from being the only responsible people who are saying it.

At the time of writing, Germany is in a state of the worst financial chaos any nation, bar Russia, has ever been. If she ultimately fails to get the money she needs, Luther will fall and become as much of a back number as his namesake who wrote the hymns. The alternative to Luther is Hitler. Hitler will repudiate all war debts. It is part of his avowed policy, in pursuance of which he can command very solid support. So we would get nothing. Neither would France.

AS a nation we are used to not getting our due, to paying all we owe and a good deal more, and to not forcing anybody to pay us who does not wish to do so. We call this "taking the big view," or "acting as sportsmen and gentlemen," and so forth, though in sombre truth it is just silly, and we can't afford it, anyway. But Heaven only knows what France would do if confronted with, not the possibility, but the certainty, of not getting from Germany, her ancient frontier enemy (whom she not only hates but fears) another pfennig. The rage of a French hotel proprietor at a customer who cannot pay his bill would be nothing to it. It is easy to see what a match like this would be like to the bundle of dried hay. And where would a disarming—and disarmed—England be? Not all the eloquence of Ramsay MacDonald, Baldwin, and Lloyd George, at the top of their Albert Hall form, could save us.

On the whole, I consider about the only piece of sanity shown at that Albert Hall meeting was by the lady with the stink bombs, who remarked, with rare feminine logic, that the apostles of peace and disarmament

THEATRICAL "DIGS"—NEW STYLE

Dora Barnes, who is playing lead in "Daddy Longlegs" on tour, prefers to live in a motor caravan. She is seen at a spot on the river between Newbury and Hungerford getting the bird—but only in a literal sense—when a visitor calls round for luncheon

STATESMEN AND STINK BOMBS AT THE ALBERT HALL

The Prime Minister was addressing the National Disarmament Demonstration at the Albert Hall when a woman in the audience emphatically signified her disapproval of the subject under discusston by throwing stink bombs at Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. On the platform are seen Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Lloyd George, Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson and Mr. Stanley Baldwin. The last named emphasised the important fact that it would be useless for us to reduce our navy unless America took the initial step in this respect

had to use physical force in order to throw her out, and then went home to play bridge.

MUCH more comfort could be derived from the Eton and Harrow match. The display of tall hats and coaches and nice little boys and nice little girls and Batemanesque colonels and strawberries and cream made one realise that it would take a lot to shift all that. Metaphorically speaking, of course. One bomb dropped from a hostile aeroplane on Lord's cricket ground would do a lot of literal damage. But the crowd that gathers there each year about the middle of July is symbolic of much. It points the value of tenacity and tradition, and it is so utterly solid. If another war comes—and heaven forbid that it should—there will be a solid weight of public opinion, more powerful than some politicians imagine, against allowing England to crawl about on submissive all-fours at the mercy of any other belligerent Power and at the beck and call of the League of Nations.

"Quick, Elsie! Hide that lipstick!"

LET us imagine England being told by the League, as she might well be, to indulge, for instance, in a blockade. What would happen if America, who is sensible enough to have nothing to do with any such League, did not like that step, and, with a far more powerful navy than ours, came in on the other side? However, holiday-time is upon us, so let us try not to imagine it—if we can—and proceed to relax a bit with what appetite we may.

THE less seriously we take Mr. Gandhi the better, and I am delighted, as well as amused, to see that "the great soul" has been the source of inspiration for fancy dress. You cannot kill fanatics by ridicule, for they are impervious to it, but you can get our white cranks to take this black one a trifle less seriously by a little bit of

SPEAKING LIKENESSES

Mr. Stanley Baldwin at the Albert Hall

PREPARATION

"Now let me make sure I've got all my notes in their right order"

CONCENTRATION

"No, I'm not asleep. I'm just figuring out how Disarmament fits in with France"

RELAXATION

"Well, what if I am yawning? It's so tiring to make speeches on Disarmament"

HOLLYWOOD MANNERS

Writing in the *Sunday Dispatch* Miss Fay Compton tells how, when someone introduced her to Greta Garbo and told the latter of her stage reputation, she turned away with a casual "Is zat so?" whilst Virginia Cherrill, the leading lady of "City Lights," was surprised that "you middle-aged women should come to Hollywood at all!"

ONE little thing I like about
The stars of Hollywood,
Is that their manners always are
Exceptionally good,
Although perhaps at times they are
A shade misunderstood.

The Garbo, when she's introduced
To one she well might know
May murmur as she turns away
An off-hand, "Is zat so?"
But then, she's such a famous star
Her rudeness does not show!

Virginia Cherrill's greeting may
Seem just a trifle crude,
But Charlie's leading lady could
Not possibly be rude,
So we assume the little dear's
With playfulness imbued.

But though the stars can do no wrong,
And shine in every way,
I must confess I think you're right
When you feel bound to say,
With manners of a civil kind
Some aren't au fait, O Fay!

B. W.

burlesque. Gandhi parties are actually being given, and, so long as the thermometer remains fairly high, there is something to be said for a loin-cloth and a pair of spectacles. The "great soul" himself will find that costume a trifle trying if he puts off his visit to London until the autumn. But plenty of people will be found willing to give him a warm welcome. The build-a-new-Englanders will doubtless give him one sort of warm welcome. There is another.

IF the American gentleman who writes on films in the *New Yorker* is not indulging in a bit of leg-pulling (and I am perfectly certain he is not), I am grateful to him for enabling me to smile happily in trying circumstances. He is criticising the Galsworthy film, "The Skin Game," and he doesn't like it. There I'm with him, for it really is far inferior to the play. But he could not hear what was said "because of the accents of the actors." "I am told," he continues, "that the better-educated Englishman now often speaks good American, but I fear it will be many years before the majority can hope to master the language."

THERE we have it. If America wishes to talk in her (to us) peculiar way, and to spell through "thru," and theatre "theater," by all means let her do so. But the assumption (one frequently finds it) that we talk an odd version of American, rather than that America talks an odd version of English, is a little too cool. True, the bulk of the American nation—made up of Swedes, "Wops," Greeks, Russians, Poles, etc.—owes nothing to what we call our mother tongue. But the film critic of the *New Yorker*, does not seem to be aware that the near-English system in his country is due to the fact that at a distant date some misguided Englishmen did go and settle there and start "begetting." I would not be surprised to

Hoppe

Diana Beaumont with her dog, Tigger. She played the part of Sheila in "Disturbance" at the Grafton Theatre last week. This play was enthusiastically received and is shortly to be transferred to another West End theatre

BY A. R. CANE

"Yus, Mum, and Sir 'Enery Wood 'e sez ter me, 'e sez, 'I trembles ter fink what this 'ere symphony 'ud be like wivout you ter lead the mouth-organs,' 'e sez"

MUSIC HATH

Edith (Minnie Pine), ably assisted by Aunt Evelyn the piano in an amusing scene from "What Woman vocal Edith are Mr. Litofsky (E. L'Epine Smith) (Edward Morton), Mr. Busworth (S. Major Jones) Litofsky

Violet Code introduces her dog to the photographer. She hails from Canada and is at present busy rehearsing the part of Dolores for the revival of "Florodora" at Daly's, due at the end of this month

CHARMS—SOMETIMES!

(Gertrude Sterroll), kindly obliges with a little song at Wants" at the Garrick Theatre. The victims of the Mrs. Percival-Hawley (Elsie Craig), Stanley Hawkins Augustus Percival-Hawley (Edward Irwin) and Mrs. (Muriel Johnston)

find that some Americans honestly believe that it was the other way about.

S

AN authority on language and dialect told me not long ago an interesting theory of the origin of the American high-pitched drawl. It came from the Pilgrim Fathers. In those days the psalm-singing and prayer-droning Puritan really did lift up his voice with a nasal and unnatural twang, because it was considered a pious thing to do. One can even hear this sort of talk to-day in some churches. The habit stuck on the other side of the Atlantic. And, in spite of the passing of centuries and the mixture of races, Sophie Tucker, Al Capone, General Pershing, and even President Hoover, talk as they do because some godly Englishmen were fond of praying and discoursing in similar tones hundreds of years back. Curious.

S

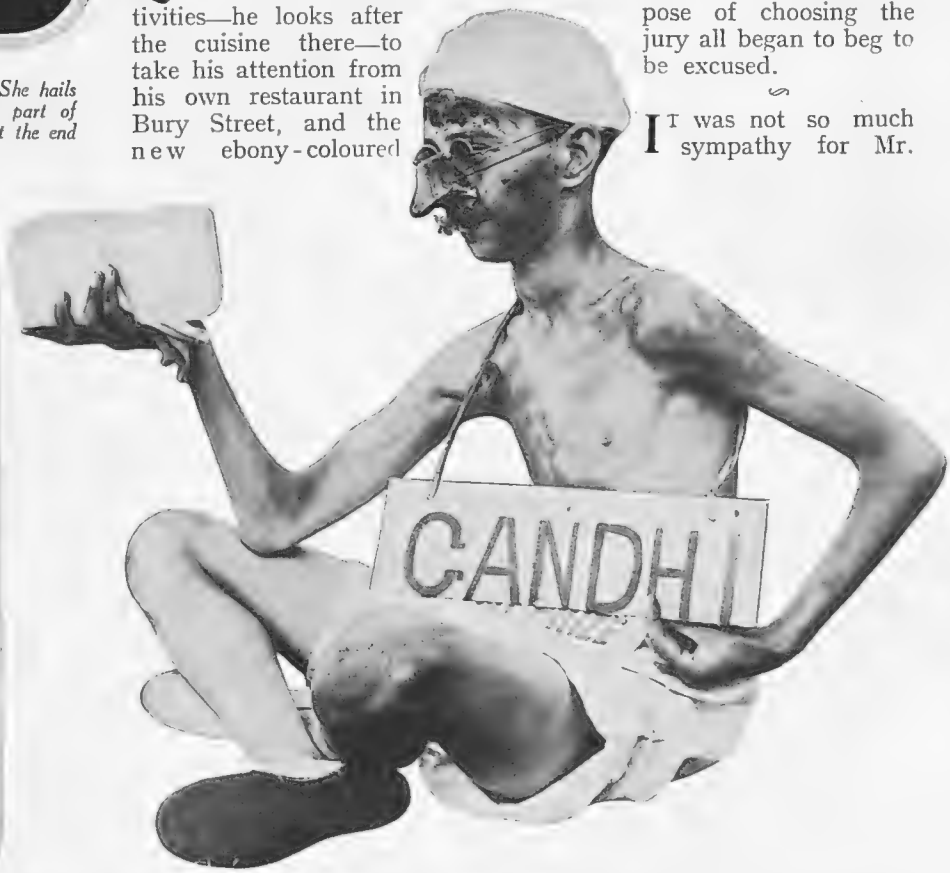
QUAGLINO does not allow his social activities—he looks after the cuisine there—to take his attention from his own restaurant in Bury Street, and the new ebony-coloured dancing-floor is as full as any in London. No signs of the waning season here. I heard his new singer the other night—George Seversky. George does not bawl at you, and his is not a powerful voice. But he sings like the fine artist he is—in French, in German, and, of course, in his native Russian. His Russian songs are on the melancholy side, but they are very beautiful. And if you get depressed, there is always Van Straten's dance band to cheer you up immediately afterwards. Van Straten and his merry men wear green blouses and black trousers, made, apparently, out of the stuff used for patent leather boots.

S

I SHOULD imagine that there is one job at which even the bravest and most adventurous might well be forgiven for jibbing, and that is the duty of serving on an American jury which is trying one of the "big shots" of the Chicago underworld. When that amiable and much-shot-after gentleman, Mr. Jack (affectionately known as Legs) Diamond, appeared before the Supreme Court at Troy on the charge of assaulting a lorry driver who refused to reveal the destination of a load of cyder he was delivering, the 150 unfortunate citizens who had been empanelled for the purpose of choosing the jury all began to beg to be excused.

S

IT was not so much sympathy for Mr. Diamond that prompted them as a wholesome dread of finding their homes burnt up and their families "bumped off." After all, if you have police who are openly in the pay of the crooks, it makes for peace all round to lay low and say nuffin'—even though you may think a whole lot!



A clever make-up of Gandhi, complete with salt, which won the first prize at a fancy dress competition at Bexley Heath. When the Mahatma visits us in person even the scantiness of his costume and the vagaries of an English summer will not prevent him getting a warm welcome, and probably a hot reception too

PARIS GOSSIP

Some of the vast crowd in front of the Temple of Angora-Vat during a battle of flowers in the grounds of the Colonial Exhibition, which is attracting not only Parisians, but thousands of visitors from the provinces and foreign countries. Paris, in fact, is more crowded for the time of year than it has ever been

QUESTIONS OF COLOUR

By Sylvia Lyon

If all the Paris seasons were laid end to end, there would be no end, particularly this year. Gone is the legend when closed shutters in the Avenue Foch (not that anybody as yet has the heart to call it anything but the Avenue du Bois), the Avenue Henri Martin and the Avenue This and That means that people either were away or hiding behind the shutters and pretending they were away. Perhaps the Colonial Exhibition is to blame, for never has the season been so extended. Characters in search of an otherwise costly tan can find it easily in the morning at the Molitor swimming pool, where some bathe and some do not, merely getting brown sitting at tables around the pool, absorbing tomato-juice cocktails and looking out for the guardians who have forbidden the wearing of white bathing suits. Not that the Prefect of Police, who has forbidden white bathing suits, has anything against white, the colour of purity,

(*Continued on page 184*)

THE SEASON AT GRANVILLE

Now that July is well advanced, the coast of Normandy is being invaded by holiday-makers in ever-growing numbers. Above is seen a corner of Granville, the pleasant watering-place, which is a firm favourite with many English visitors

Joan Craven

MISS HARRIET COHEN

Who was sent by the British Government to play during the Semaine Anglaise in Paris. This started on Thursday, July 16

DOROTHY WARD

Scaioni, Paris

Who will play lead in "Florodora" when it is revived at Daly's Theatre at the end of this month. The policy of producing former musical comedy successes has proved very successful, and "Florodora" should be equally popular with those who will renew old acquaintance with it and those who find a new friend

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 182)

The British Empire is not officially represented at the Paris Colonial Exhibition and the beautiful Indian Pavilion seen above was erected at the expense of the Aga Khan and other native princes. It was opened at the beginning of this month and has already attracted a lot of attention

which sets off so charmingly a good coat of tan. The reason is that a white suit, unless of very heavy quality, becomes brazenly transparent.

S

SOME people haven't been white since the Beaumont Ball, for this year the Beaumont Ball was Colonial, and you can imagine what happened. When the ball broke up, at seven o'clock, it was difficult to distinguish the guests, who had wandered from the gorgeous garden of their house in the rue Doroc to Florence's, from the negro entertainers, except that this charming early-morning club's entertainers wore more clothes and looked less fatigued.

The Comte Etienne de Beaumont is the man who, several years ago, was responsible for the revival of extravagant costume balls in Paris. He is "Tiburce," one of the characters in the Princesse Marthe Bibesco's book, "Noblesse de Robe." To be precise, "Tiburce" is not a sketch of him only, for on the printed page the young man who alarms his butler because he has come home at dawn painted green is not Beaumont, but Stanislas de la Rochefoucauld.

S

SINCE this ball the Princesse Baba de Faucigny-Lucinge, Madame Lelong, née Princess Natalie Paley, and the Duke Della Verdura have been a nice shade of copper, the trio having made an entrée as Cambodian dancers. Marshal Lyautey, after having presided at so many official receptions at the Colonial Exhibition, had a little fun himself because he headed an entrée of Martinique "natives" to the strains of "The Peanut Vendor." Prince Charles de Polignac was Abd-el-Kadir, and probably will never be anything else again unless he fades out in his champagne cellars at Rheims. One of the few people to remain the same colour after, as before the ball, was Josephine Baker.

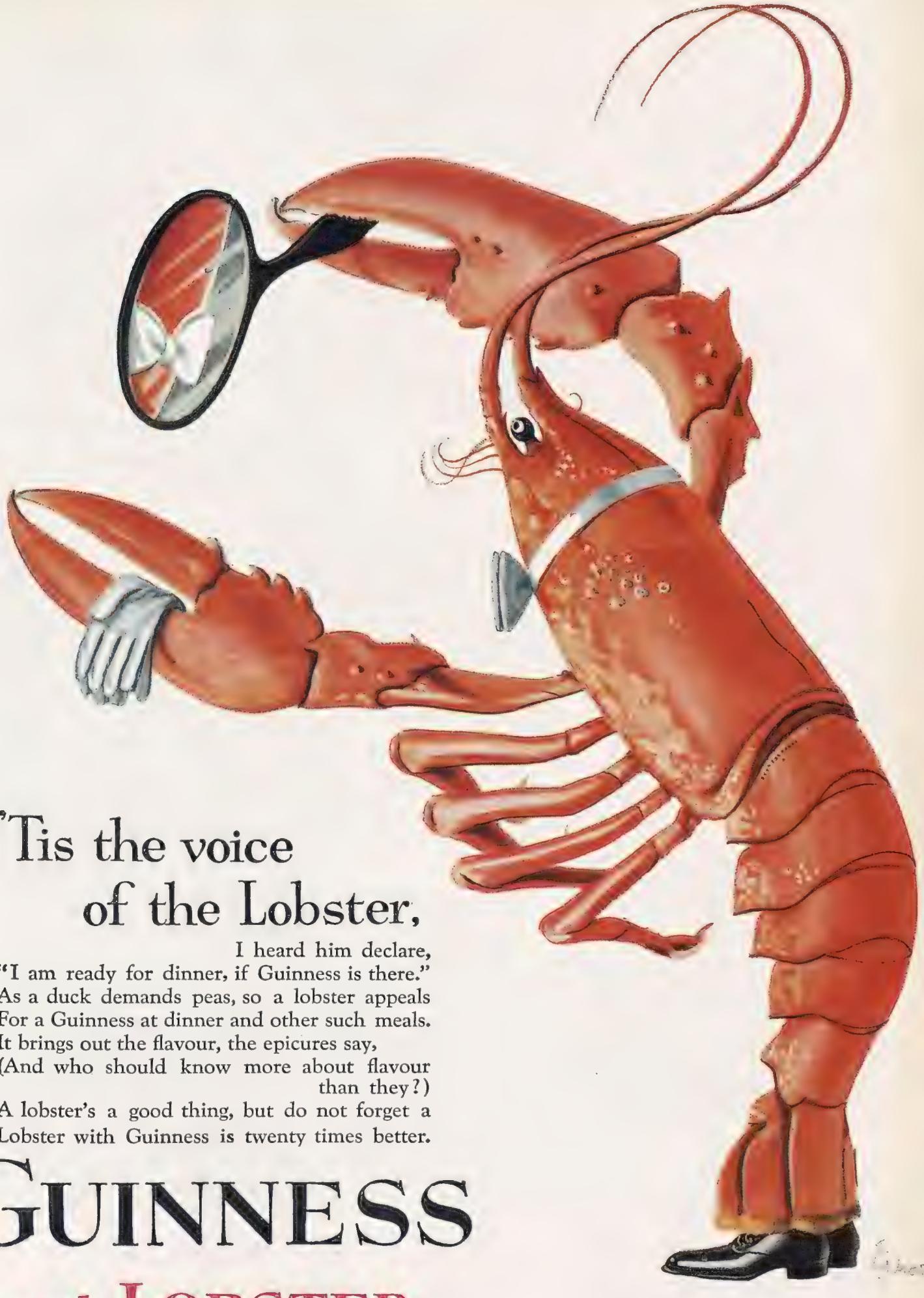
In fact, the make-up and costumes of all present was so complete that several male guests who appeared in picturesque old French Colonial army uniforms went right out and joined the army, while others just went to sleep, only to awaken in time to march in the Fourteenth of July parade and the fête given at the Colonial Exhibition in honour of the Duke and Duchess of York.

S

WHAT has been done has been done, but it is to be regretted that the most brilliant of official visitors to the Exhibition should see the most meagre of their own Colonial displays. Great Britain is solemnly represented in the Cité des Informations. While an ingenious ceiling of transparent stuff becomes an illuminated map of British Colonial possessions, the feature of this section consists of most horribly realistic photographs of tropical diseases. However, a beautiful joke has been played on the Empire in the fact that the Hindustan Pavilion was built because of the initiative, and with the money of, the Aga Khan and other Indian Princes. The British Government are always asleep to the romance of their Empire.

The Exhibition has not only been used as means to an end, but as ends to those who have means. The White Rhino Bar is being rented every Wednesday afternoon by the Baron and Baronne de Gourgaud for cocktail parties, and Gourgaud's big-game trophies are on permanent display.

Mr. H. Scott-Paine, who last year won the "Detroit News" Motorboat Trophy for Great Britain, at the wheel of Miss Britain II during a trial run on Southampton Water. America has withdrawn at the last minute from the contest and a race organised by the Royal Motor Yacht Club is to be held for boats specially designed to defend the Trophy



'Tis the voice
of the Lobster,

I heard him declare,
"I am ready for dinner, if Guinness is there."
As a duck demands peas, so a lobster appeals
For a Guinness at dinner and other such meals.
It brings out the flavour, the epicures say,
(And who should know more about flavour than they?)
A lobster's a good thing, but do not forget a
Lobster with Guinness is twenty times better.

GUINNESS

and LOBSTER

GE 167A.

H

WHEN PARIS DINES—GARRETTO SA

The twelve celebrities seen above sitting down to a déjeuner de soir in that famous Paris restaurant, Les Tuileries, the Japanese artist, M. Briand, Mr. Berry Wall, M. André Citroën, Max Dearly, the well-known actor, and M. Tar and Charlie Chaplin is seen looking

ATIRISES LES TUILERIES RESTAURANT

ries, are, at the big table, the Aga Khan (left), the famous actor, Sacha Guitry, and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, Foujita, . Tardieu, the ex-Premier. The King of Spain and the Prince of Wales are seated at the table in the right background, king slightly dyspeptic in the foreground

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

GONE TO EARTH!

by GEORGIE FROXFIELD

"RETURNING to-morrow," read Tennie, wishing Audrey could write a letter which didn't read like a wire. "Just for the night. Dining out. Next day off to the Chandlers for ten days or a fortnight. Of course, you won't dream of altering a single plan. Times quite uncertain."

Tennie hoisted himself up in bed on one elbow, gulped tea, and then opened the next on the pile of his morning's post.

A dun. . . . Fussy letter from Aunt Mary re her trustees. . . . Vet re Audrey's infernal Peke. . . . Peter Chetwind re golf. . . . Bucket-shop circular. Then:

"Glorious—gorgeous! So Thursday's to be for ever my Red Letter Day! Anywhere you like, darling. Wapping would be paradise enow. *Of course,* as you say, out of England. How about Harzburg and the Brocken you long to see? We could go by Harwich and the Hook. Nobody would see us that way. But everything is to be just as you say. I'm winding up affairs here and leaving for London to-morrow. Shall be frightfully rushed all day. Lot to settle. Wire time and place of meeting to Graham's Hotel, Langham Street. . . ."

There was more of the letter, but Tennie turned to the end. "Yours always and entirely, beautiful darling, Ambrose," he read. The envelope next enlightened Tennie. It was addressed to Mrs. Lloyd-Southey.

So Audrey was running away. It was much later in the day that Tennie remembered the ancient jape, "Why run?" His initial reactions were due to shock and then to rage. At first his whole mind was applied to the prevention of this outrage. He would go to Graham's Hotel with a horsewhip. No—the man was too big—a revolver, then. He would lock Audrey up. He could hear her laughing, and scowled at his feet restlessly working under the bedclothes.

He passed to a feeling of deflatement and stunned dismay. Tubbing, shaving and dressing he pictured the future—amusement of friends, commiseration of relations, chatter (Lord, the talk!), divorce proceedings, endless delays, decree nisi, six months of being neither one thing or the other, then freedom.

Freedom, reflected Tennie, breakfasting. Queer word. But the truth. Why, looking back, Audrey and he had ever married beat him. Of course, he had liked her. Jolly she had been. The thought of attainment had been a spur, of course, but inadequate as an explanation.

Then, why? None of the Victorian reasons applied. It hadn't been a boy and girl affair. The boundaries of the family estates didn't run together (his people had a barrack in Cromwell Road and hers a charnel-house in Bayswater). No fierce fathers had butted in or scheming mothers laid plots.

Because she liked golf, contract, tennis, winter sports, and swimming, and so did he? Sounded rum, put like that. Why else? Lord knew.

Anyhow, it didn't matter. The five years' experiment had failed. Reading this letter, stumbling on this plot, didn't mark any crisis. They had run away from each other months and months ago.

When was it she complained about his reading in bed and so made the dressing-room his bedroom? When was it she locked the communicating door? 1066 was the only date he ever could remember, thought Tennie, helping himself to marmalade.

AMBROSE STOKES. One of those red-necked, stiff-legged, stamping about sort of fellows. Rich, though. That was it, of course. Or did every husband imagine only material benefits blinded his wife from his own superior attractions? Maybe. But Ambrose! Hanging round for years. Always prattling about "catchy scent," "capital run," or "gone to earth."

The Brocken. Audrey had often talked of climbing those fir-clad slopes with the glinting Radau below and the bare, forbidding, mist-streaked mountain ahead.

Let her go? What else? Keep her chained up like a dog? Futile. Impossible. Make the best of a bad job. All there was to it. But the letter? The mutilated envelope would necessitate explanations. Being privately, secretly complaisant was one thing. But openly—why, it would almost amount to condonation, connivance! That wouldn't do. Might hang up the divorce. Better suppress the letter. Ambrose would ring her up or she'd ring Ambrose up.

By the way, he might as well clench that lie about the Chandlers. He put through a call.

"Expecting Audrey?" answered Rose Chandler. "No. But we'd be delighted if——"

"My error," broke in Tennie. "I remember now. It was the Pembertons she was going to."

Tennie left the house, the letter in his pocket, and drove himself to Kingston, where he worked—that is to say, he was a director and had a room there—in his father's brewery

Now that initial shock had passed and his mind was used to the idea of Audrey's decision, a strange sense of ease came over him. It was, he had to admit, an extremely sensible step. Going on as they had done was impossible. A frightful strain. Bad for them both. A mockery was the right term for it.

It was brave of Audrey. He was, he admitted, too—what was it?—conventional?—well, something or other—punctilious, p'raps—afraid of what the family would say, all that—to do it himself. Cutting Gordian knots takes initiative and courage. She was simply admitting she had made a mistake. She was coming out into the open.

Good luck to her, thought Tennie as he lunched. He admired her. He'd never admired her more. He didn't bear her the slightest grudge. He wished he could tell her so. And he would—when it was safe to do so. Queer to think that after five years of it, it was quite likely they would never exchange another word. Like somebody dying. Well, Mrs. Tennie Lloyd-Southey was dying to-morrow.

Audrey stood at the telephone in the ante-room off the hall on Tennie's return home that evening.

"So sorry," he heard her say. "Buck up and get fit, darling. No, I'm afraid I can't see you to-morrow. I'm frightfully rushed. I'm going away—for a fortnight to the Chandlers."

She hung up, turned, caught sight of Tennie and said:

"Hello! How're things? Poor old Barbara's in bed—food-poisoning, they say. I was dining at her club."

(All rights strictly reserved.)

"At a loose end?" inquired Tennie. "Well, why not dine with me?"

Audrey dramatically collapsed on a chair.

"I couldn't!" she protested. "This is *too* sudden."

"We'll have a small-size bust," said Tennie, fired with the idea.

A farewell dinner it would be. He was breaking new ground, and felt the thrill of a pioneer. No other husband, knowing what he knew, had ever done such a thing before. A new experience. Thin ice wouldn't be in it.

"We'll dine at the Hotel de Versailles at Cookham," he added. "We'll feast and dance and put in a moonlight swim."

"I can't believe my fortnight in Suffolk has made the heart so much fonder," said Audrey. "No, Tennie, I don't want to be another bride-in-the-bath case, thanks. You may feel momentarily friendly, but it won't last, you know."

"You used not to be a funk," said he. "I dare you. Swallow that!"

"What are you up to, my boy?" she asked.

"Nothing. But you're off to-morrow, you say. Well, come and dine and let me wish you luck and a happy time—with the Chandlers."

"I'm always happy there," said Audrey and yawned.

"Oh, quite. You always are," he retorted. "Anywhere but here."

"There you go," said she dispassionately. "What did I say?"

"It slipped out," said Tennie laughing—nothing could annoy him now. "I withdraw it. You're happy and lovely anywhere. That do? Now come and have a cocktail, and then we'll dress and have our last fling."

"You talk as though death and a fortnight with the Chandlers were synonymous terms," said she. "No, Tennie, thanks. I'm tired. My head aches. I've—other reasons. I shan't go out to-night."

"Thanks all the same for asking me," put in Tennie.

She was trying not to smile as she said:

"Whatever's up? Been drinking?"

"Deeply. And the besotted can be ugly when crossed. Slide into your prettiest frock."

"Late in the day to play the devoted husband, Tennie."

"Better than never, Audrey, my dear."

She regarded him, head on one side, then said:

"I feel like a doctor with a patient who's got most baffling symptoms."

"Diagnose 'em at dinner."

HALF an hour later, over their third cocktail, Audrey suddenly said, "All right. I'm on." The car whizzed them through Slough and Taplow. At a table on the river-edge under a weeping willow they dined. In the open-air ball-room with its rambler-lined walls they danced till they were limp with heat. In the glittering river they swam till they were chill. On the moonlit lawn they danced again, then bathed again. In the sanctum sanctorum, re-

"Tennie awoke on the floor with the sound of his fall in his ears' "'What's that?' he heard Audrey nervously asking"

Illustrated by
LINDSAY CABLE

served for the elect, dressed once more, they drank champagne.

Their last evening, Tennie kept thinking. He would do her well. He must make it unforgettable.

"Why 'must'?" said Tennie aloud.

"Did I say 'must'?" said Audrey and laughed. "Didn't mean to."

"No, you didn't. I did," said he.

"You meant to? Meant to what? Say 'must'?"

"Mustn't say," said he, shaking his head. "I say, this is frightfully jolly, isn't it?"

"You can be—when you like. Only you never do."

"Can't say 'never' now. Did you see that canoe under the willows. Let's hop into it and drift. The river looks so frantically myster—mishterious."

Half an hour later Audrey discovered how late it was. The canoe shot under Tennie's vigorous paddle strokes to the wooden landing-stage. Audrey stood up. The canoe lurched. She toppled in. Tennie grabbed her. The canoe overturned. Laughing, they stood up in about three foot of water.

"We can't go back like this," protested Tennie, helping her ashore.

He booked a room. Their clothes were removed to the kitchens below. In blankets they sat in front of an electric fire and smoked cigarettes.

"How long will they be, d'you think, Tennie?"

"Drying our kit? Hours, I'd say."

"I think I shall hop into bed. I'm fagged out."

"Right."

Tennie yawned and yawned. Glancing round he perceived that she had gone to sleep. He leant back. Great night it had been. A changeling she'd been. Pity. Yes—really a huge pity. Oh, well, too late . . .

Tennie awoke on the floor with the sound of his fall in his ears.

"What's that?" he heard Audrey nervously asking.

"Only me. Dropped off."

"You *did*," said she. "Poor boy. You must be frightfully uncomfortable. You'd better—come in here."

So he did.

One sentinel bird in the creepers round their window gave the alarm and roused a chorus which awoke Tennie. His left arm was numb with Audrey's weight. She woke as he tried to withdraw it, sat up and stared round the room.

"Tennie!" she exclaimed. "Was—was I drunk last night?"

"Don't know. I was. And I mean to be always in future," he answered. "Child, I'm going to take a holiday. We are proceeding on our Mark II honeymoon. Being older and wiser we won't crash this time. I shall say you're perfectly right and absolutely lovely always whatever happens. We shall get on."

Tennie put his arm round her bare shoulders.

"So you won't be able to go to the Chandlers," he said. "Shall I—wire?"

"I never was going," said she. "I was—chucking things. I hated you yesterday. You've been a beast, Tennie. I was—clearing out."

She turned and stared at him.

"No questions?"

"None."

"I wouldn't have answered any, anyhow," said she. "It wouldn't have been fair. But it's—it's rather nice of you. It's unexpected. It shows you're—bigger than I thought. You're—rather a dear thing."

"It's taken you a long time," grumbled Tennie, "to discover the obvious."

It wasn't, however, dear of Tennie to wire to Ambrose Stokes, "Meet Liverpool Street. 8.30 boat express."

Audrey never even caught sight of Ambrose. Tennie did. He marked the fellow taking cover at the station and skulking at Parkeston Quay. Tennie's last glimpse of Ambrose was on the boat. Tennie was following Audrey into their cabin and Ambrose was lurking—positively lurking—near the companion-way.

"Catchy scent. Capital run," said Tennie loudly. "Gone to earth."

G. F.

FLYING NOTES

The Abbott troupe of dancers, who are making their first appearance in England photographed on their arrival at Croydon after flying from Paris. They are appearing at Ciro's with marked success

HANNIBAL—KING OF THE SKYWAY

By Capt. C. E. Ward

THE idea of a huge flying machine is not new. Size in any shape or form appeals to the imagination, and in the case of a vehicle it instinctively inspires confidence. Unfortunately, in the case of the aeroplane we are reluctantly compelled to admit that in the past machines of the type popularly known as "giants" have been disappointments. Some have been complete failures and some have been partially successful, but not one has shown itself in actual practice to be capable of anything out of the ordinary in the matter of range and speed. Not one has established anything in the nature of a record nor shown the slightest prospect of being able to do so except in the matter of sheer weight lifting. It is quite a common idea that if the size of an aircraft and its engines are increased in the same ratio its performance will be correspondingly increased, but, unfortunately, there is nothing either in theory or practice to support this.

HANNIBAL

The new Imperial Airways super-liner, which is described on this page. Some idea of its size may be gathered from the two cars seen in the foreground

RUN through the list of big machines which have been constructed in the past and you will not find one which has demonstrated a performance which has made it worth while. The Do.X gave wonderful results at her trials, and as these became known it was confidently prophesied that the day of the super-aircraft and a regular transatlantic service was at hand. The Do.X has displayed some interesting qualities, but the ability to carry a pay-load non-stop across the Atlantic—the real object of its construction—is not among them. In fact, without wishing to belittle a singularly fine experiment, the performance of the big flying-boat appears to be not quite so good as those of less than half the size now operating on the Mediterranean sector of Imperial Airways.

A FEW months ago, when the Press announced that a super air-liner was under construction for Imperial Airways, there were a lot of people who lost no time in prophesying failure. As time went on and Hannibal did not put in an appearance, the same people, whose voices would have been raised loudest in protest had he been damaged on a premature public trial flight, did their best to make him a subject for ridicule. But Imperial Airways were following their policy of safety first and all the time. That an aircraft the size of Hannibal would have minor "teething" troubles was inevitable. Every aeroplane has. A dozen factors, from propeller efficiency to unit fuel consumption, had to be checked and subjected to every possible test before Handley Pages would deliver it, the Air Ministry grant its Certificate of Airworthiness, or Imperial Airways accept it for service on the Imperial air route. The result is that Hannibal is now doing his work with the regularity and reliability of an Atlantic liner.

RECENTLY I took my place with eleven other passengers in one of Hannibal's luxurious saloons. There are two cabins, each rather larger than the ordinary motor coach. At 9.15 the orange light glowed on the control tower and we moved off with effortless ease into the atmosphere. Exactly one hour and fifty-five minutes later by my watch I stepped on to the tarmac at Le Bourget. During the whole trip Hannibal was as steady as a rock. Writing was no more difficult than at the desk in my study. There are few vehicles in which it is possible to write at all. Conversation was carried on in a perfectly normal voice. I had lunch in Paris, did a little shopping, left at 4.0 p.m., and arrived home at 6.30 p.m. after having tea on board.

A TRIP in Hannibal is rather wonderful even to old air-travellers. Since I first wedged myself into the alleged cockpit of a Maurice Farman some sixteen years ago I have travelled a few hundred thousand miles by air in various parts of the world, but never have I travelled anywhere in such complete comfort as in Hannibal. If anyone is sceptical—well, he is waiting on the tarmac every day at Croydon. "Seeing's believing," as the saying goes. If you prefer to have your toes trodden on and your ribs staved in by people's suitcases scrambling through customs, and in and out of trains and steamboats, you are welcome to it.

Exclusive photograph

CLAIRE LUCE

The lovely flaxen-haired American actress, who is well known in London, has gone to Berlin from Paris, where she has been living for some months, to make a talkie. In the autumn she will star in a new play on Broadway

FILM NOTES

HOLLYWOOD GETS RELIGION: CASTING-

EVERY now and then the cinema gets a revivalist conscience. Having satiated the public with synthetic sin it proceeds to go to the other extreme and satiate it with synthetic salvation. I say synthetic deliberately, because screen sermons are the most unbelievable bunkum that one could imagine. Cecil B. de Mille, who, more than anyone else, believes in leg and lingerie, very frequently inclines to a revivalist spirit and introduces hymns and hypocrisy. Why

Joan Crawford as the Salvation Army lassie in "Laughing Sinners," who slips for a night from the straight and narrow path, being congratulated by a party of commercial travellers on her parody of a Salvationist song which she rendered with much gusto and a tambourine. The cause of the trouble is the stern-looking gentleman facing her, played by Neil Hamilton complete with moustache

Another picture of Joan Crawford in "Laughing Sinners." This time she is seen as a reformed character with an ambition to travel Heavenwards by the Booth line

the screen should strike such a hypocritical note when it wants to try and be sincere is difficult to say, but I think it is purely over-emphasis—just as in the greater part of its drama it tends to be melodramatic, and in its attempts at comedy devolves generally into farce—or slapstick. There are, in fact, no half measures.

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IF we are to have religion we get it with a capital R, and if the Lord's Prayer is indicated it is perfectly conceivable that we shall get it in full, spoken in an unctuous manner which is liable to offend the religionist as much as it does the sceptic. Well, lately we have been deluged with sin. We have had immoral spies, gay gangsters, and modern youth with apparently as little gaiety as they have morals.

But a revival is on its way. When I see a definite type of picture I always feel pretty certain that we are in for a wave of the latest idiosyncrasy it exploits.

The other week I saw "Laughing Sinners," and since this deals with salvation with a particular reference to the Salvation Army, I am quite convinced that we shall have a lot more. It's not a question of Hollywood trying to show its virtue, but just an exploitation of an entirely different viewpoint to tickle

Constance Bennett, as a girl who is more adventurous than adventuress, submits her best nightdress for the approval of a cynical gentleman (Kenneth McKenna) in "Sin Takes a Holiday." That all is as it should be, however, is assured by the title of this film

Out-Sin Specials

By Lionel Collier

Lionel Barrymore, as the drunkard solicitor father in "A Free Soul," is begged to forsake the demon Rum by his daughter (Norma Shearer). The latter offers to give up a crook, with whom she is in love, if her father will do the same by the bottle, but, although he agrees, he soon gives way to drink again

Another scene from "A Free Soul." Leslie Howard as the good young man who shoots the crook and thus wins the love of the drunken solicitor's daughter (Norma Shearer), whom he is clasping to his manly though somewhat murderous bosom

the jaded appetite of weary picture-goers.

"Laughing Sinners" is an artificial picture in which Joan Crawford lives in sin with a commercial traveller, until that gentleman marries a rich woman. Naturally, she is piqued, and, just as naturally in modern day cinema drama, she attempts suicide. She is saved by a most attractive Salvation Army captain—as a matter of fact I forget his exact rank—and seizing a tambourine she administers to the poor. There is no real uplift nor a certain moral sense of rectitude as you might think.

As the heroine, Joan Crawford is only exchanging one man for another.

That is the trouble with Hollywood. Nothing is taken sincerely. "Laughing Sinners" is merely an excuse to put sex on a safe and highly respectable basis as distinct from the racketeering rubbish we have had to put up with for so long. Personally, I prefer racketeers. Neil Hamilton as the gentleman living in sin is preferable and much more human than the carefully restrained Salvationist hero, Clark Cable. As for Joan Crawford, one believes that she would prefer tambourines in cabarets to cymbals in celibacy.

Not only Hollywood is hitting this Heavenward trail. Guy Newall, who is a comedian for whom I have the greatest respect, has directed an uplift story in "The Rosary," his first talkie. I do not quite know why he has chosen a subject so alien to his own cheery and eminently bright personality. However, he's done it and, in fairness to him, I must say he has produced it remarkably well, so far as technique and screen artistry goes. He postulates two sisters. One good—she wants to go to a convent—and one bad, so bad that she lets her sister stand trial for a murder she has committed. The defendant is, of course, acquitted. The bad sister repents, gives up the man she has tried to keep from her pious sister and goes to a convent instead. Let me admit at once that Elizabeth Allen looks charming as this somewhat heartless girl, and that she puts a good deal of feeling into a very thankless part.

Despite the vogue for celluloid salvation, film-goers can still be regaled by earthly attractions. Above is seen Betty Dean, who is certainly no Gloomy Dean, in the very modernistic costume she sports in a new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

BY LINDSAY CABLE

"DOWN IN THE FOREST SOMETHING STIRRED"

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE STORY OF A GREAT DANCER By "Junius"

Lafayette

A photograph of the late Anna Pavlova, the famous dancer, with one of her swans in the grounds of her house at Hampstead. A new book of her life, "Pavlova: The Genius of the Dance," by Walford Hyden (Constable: 8s. 6d.), is reviewed on this page

FOR twenty years Mr. Walford Hyden was closely connected with the career of Pavlova, first as her conductor, then as rehearsal pianist, and finally as musical director. He, therefore, is especially qualified to write the account of the great dancer's life and work such as he has given us in *Pavlova: The Genius of the Dance* (Constable: 8s. 6d.). It will be eagerly read, not only by admirers of Pavlova, but also by those interested in the Russian Ballet.

One note is dominant in Mr. Hyden's book—Pavlova's absorption in her art. She cared and lived for nothing else from the time that she entered the Imperial School of Ballet at the Mariansky Theatre in Petrograd. Her only relaxation was the short holidays between tours which she gave herself at Ivy House, Hampstead, with the famous swans on the lake in the garden.

SPEAKING of these swans, Mr. Hyden says that Pavlova used to romp with them. "She would tease them, try to irritate them, push them and pull them roughly, abuse them boisterously, roll on the grass with them, like a high-spirited boy playing with a spaniel. And the swans would take on an almost human expression—not of anger, but of cunning pleasure." Personally, this is the first time I have ever heard of swans allowing themselves to be handled by a human being without fight and resistance. Mr. Hyden doubts if any other woman in the world travelled so many miles as Pavlova. Her ceaseless tours all over the globe were breathless in their speed. But wherever she was she spent several hours a day practising and rehearsing. She reached the summit of her art by its constant exercise. Yet there were moments when she was extremely difficult. She had the dancer's "temperament" in excelsis, which sometimes expressed itself in explosions of temper. Then, too, despite all her years of experience, she never learnt the meaning of time in music. "She would become entranced with her own bodily rhythm," says Mr. Hyden, "would lose herself in the dance, and quite frequently would hold a pose longer than the music to which she was dancing warranted. . . . I have had to hold an orchestra in leash, watchful for the moment when she would move from a pose that no other dancer on earth could have held for a fraction of the time."

THE HON. MAURICE BARING

Whose life of Mary Queen of Scots, "In My End is My Beginning," has just appeared. It is published by Heinemann at 10s. 6d.

It would have been easy for Pavlova to have had an annual fortnight's season in London, New York, Paris and Berlin, and thus have gained even greater fame and more money; "but," says Mr. Hyden, "she did not want fame and she did not want money. She wanted to dance, and to dance for everybody in the world." The book is admirably done. With such a subject the result might have merely been one long eulogy; but Mr. Hyden has put in the shadowed lights as well as the high ones in Pavlova's temperament.

"SHALLOW WATER" (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.), by Theodora Benson is shallow water indeed. Personally, I think it very clever of anybody to make a book of 250 pages out of so little. The story concerns two modern young women, Alice Lynn and Fanny Forrester, of the Mayfair type created by Mr. Michael Arlen. Only, let me hasten to add, they are not really Arlenish. The book consists chiefly of conversations between the two young women on men, matrimony, and the tangents arising from both. Frankly, I got hopelessly confused over their young men, but wedding bells are promised at the end. This is a sample of the conversation between the two girls: "'Do you ever,' asked Alice chattily, 'go to a funeral without thinking of worms?' 'Yes,' said Fanny, 'often,' which was perhaps an exaggeration, as she had only been to two. 'I do dislike people I know dying very much,' Alice continued."

I DOUBT if *Two Thieves* (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.), by Manuel Komroff, will have the success of his *Coronet*. To begin with, the plottings of the party amongst the Jews, which was opposed both to Rome and to Herod, have not the historic appeal which is the first essential of a novel dealing with another age. And it is with these plottings that Mr. Komroff is more largely concerned. On the other hand, some of the descriptions of life in Judea under Herod are masterly in colour and effect. Rongus, a Jewish slave, and the Arab, Barzor, pay for their share in the plotting by being crucified.

SARAH LÉVY writes exquisite French—always le mot juste, and I cannot pay a higher compliment to Mr. William A. Drake, who has translated her novel, *O Mon Goye*, which appears in English as *Beloved* (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.), than to say he has captured much of the spirit of the original. *Beloved* tells of the marriage between a Jewess and

a Christian. Their relations before marriage are perhaps more admittedly French than ever admittedly English, but the book is gay and amusing, with an undercurrent of seriousness on the differences between Jew and Gentile.

You will remember Mr. W. F. Morris's two War books, *Behind the Lines* and *Bretherton*. He has now given them a worthy successor in *Pagan* (Geoffrey Bles: 7*s.* 6*d.*). But this book deals with the aftermath of the War and the tragedy of hideous disfigurement. It is a variation on the theme of Enoch Arden, except that the unfortunate Vigers was engaged to Clare Lindsey when a "crump" explosion swept away his face, leaving him a repulsive object of hideousness. How he is found in the Vosges, where he had hidden for years, rather than strain Clare's loyalty, I must refer you to Mr. Morris. Again he gives us romance and reality in a combination few other authors achieve. All through you feel that poor Vigers, bearing his cruel misfortune so bravely and so unselfishly, is real. And the end is in keeping with a splendid character.

But I have one quarrel with Mr. Morris. In the earlier part of the book the two men, Pagan and Baron, who find Vigers, literally hurl quotations at one another by way of ordinary conversation. This is a pity, because until the serious part of the story begins it gives both men a suggestion of unreality—a suggestion entirely swept away later on.

There are all the elements of the favourite Victorian novel in *Shellan's Secret* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Emmeline Morrison—an old castle with a ghost and a secret passage; a forged will; a family lawyer crippled with debts; a strong, silent hero; and a good-for-nothing young man as villain. Add to these a young woman gradually falling in love with a husband she has married without love, and you have a perfect pendant to the new hats with the ostrich feathers revived from the fashions of our grandmothers. But I expect there will be a large number of readers who will enjoy Mrs. Morrison's latest book as much as they like wearing the new hats.

Mr. Maurice Baring is the most versatile of writers, but everything he does has an appeal, either to heart or mind—most often to both—which is peculiarly his own. This appeal runs like a silver thread all through *In My End is My Beginning* (Heinemann: 10*s.* 6*d.*). It is the story of Mary Queen of Scots from her childhood until the tragedy at Fotheringay. Mr. Baring says in his preface: "I have tried (and the attempt is by no means original) to retell the story, not as it appears to us now, but as it might have appeared to four friendly but not necessarily uncritical eye-witnesses." These are the Queen's Marys—Mary Fleming, Mary Beton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Seton. Each tells the story of those troubled days when Mary returned from France; the marriage with Darnley; his death; the Bothwell affair, and all the subsequent happenings that led to Mary's flight into England. All four are united in their devotion to the unfortunate Queen, yet each one writes from her own point of view. Mr. Baring, I think, has achieved a tour de force in historical fiction. So actual, indeed, are the stories of these four Marys that it is often difficult to realise that one is reading fiction.

Another book dealing with past history is *Dutch Agnes and her Valentine* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by W. G. Collingwood. Here we have the diaries of a seventeenth-century parson in the Lake District. You cannot imagine a more charming or touching reconstruction of life in a remote district three hundred years ago. And through the records of simple happenings you get echoes of the religious and political strife which reverberated through the country in the latter days of James I.

Yet again history. If you want to know what the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has done during the last year to preserve old houses, churches, bridges, etc., I advise you to read the Society's fifty-fourth annual report (A. R. Powys, 20, Buckingham Street, W.C.2. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"Junius."

A scene from "The Love Game" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, showing Malcolm Keen as a husband who has found in his secretary a lady who appreciates strictly dishonourable attentions and has also found that his wife, Marie Löhr, is cognisant of the affair and is not very pleased about it

BOOKS RECEIVED

Holiday. By Frances Noyes Hart. (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)
The Blanket of the Dark. By John Buchan. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
The Sixth Journey. By Alice Grant Rosman. (Mills and Boon: 7s. 6d.)
Streets of Shadow. By Leslie McFarlane. (Paul: 7s. 6d.)
The Doctor's Second Thoughts. By Sir James Crichton-Browne. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)
Five Plays. By Ashley Dukes. (Benn: 10s. 6d.)
The Crime Without a Flaw. By Leslie Despard. (Nash and Grayson: 7s. 6d.)
The Month of May. By Jane Dashwood (Murray: 7s. 6d.)
In Desperation. By E. W. Savi. (Hurst and Blackett: 7s. 6d.)
The Law o' the Lariat. By Oliver Strange (Newnes: 7s. 6d.)
Scotch and Water. By Guy Gilpatrick. (Bodley Head: 7s. 6d.)
The Shortest Night. By G. B. Stern (Heinemann: 7s. 6d.)
Listen. By Dorothy Una Ratcliffe. (Bodley Head: 2s. 6d.)
Camping and Hiking for All. By W. Holt Jackson (Routledge: 2s. 6d.)
Murder in a Haystack. By Dorothy Aldis (Cassell: 7s. 6d.)
After Rain. By Netta Muskett. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
Star Gazing. By June Head. (Davies: 6s.)
Barnard on Learning to Fly. By Capt. C. D. Barnard. (Sampson Low: 15s.)
The English: Are They Human? By G. J. Renier. (Williams and Norgate: 7s. 6d.)

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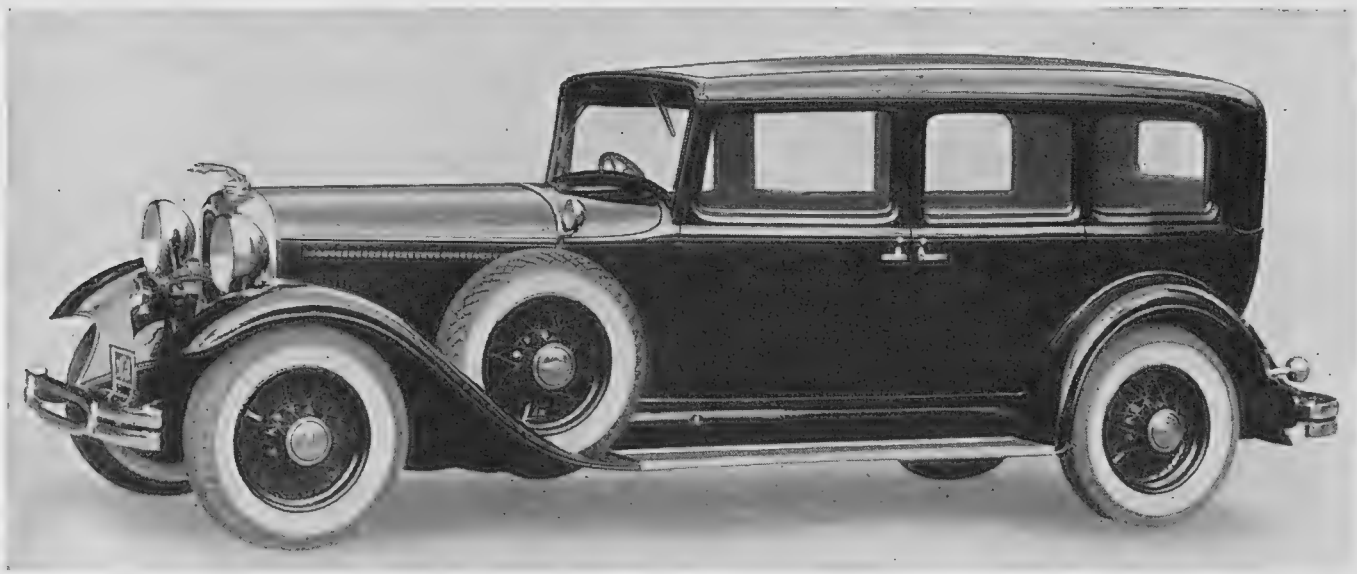

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The Shooter's Calendar 1931 JULY

NOTES FOR THE MONTH

The time for grouse and blackcock is getting near, so repair and drain the butts. Wide foundations—level bottoms for foot work—height to allow for sinking—room for gun, loader, dog and lady. Round butts give the best shelter from rain, and a shelf for cartridges, a peg for tethering an unbroken dog, and a raised sod or two of heather for coat or cartridge bag, will be appreciated. Dogs that are wanted on the moors next month should be got into hard condition.

Natural food is getting scarce on the rearing field and young birds are still vulnerable to vermin, though the critical early stages are past; so feed well and keep traps going. Watch the ripening of the corn so as to be there to protect your game when harvesting begins.

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CARTRIDGES SHOULD BE SENT UP TO THE LODGE THIS MONTH.

ICI

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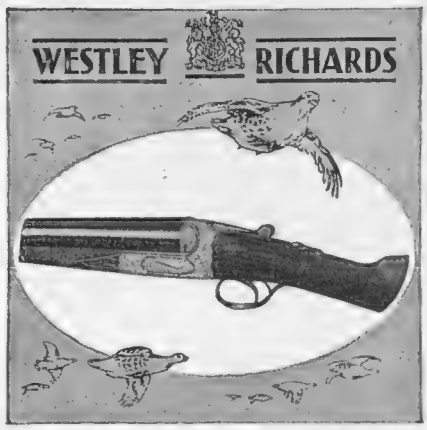

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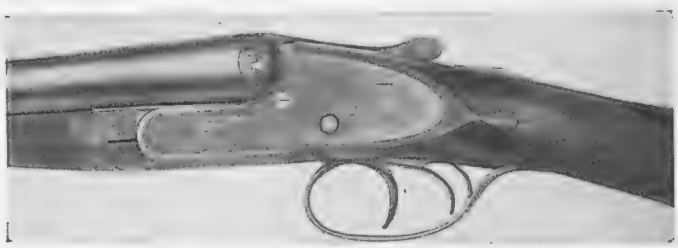

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SHOOTING SUPPLEMENT

SHORT BARRELS AND GOOD SHOOTING

Pheasant Shooting

An illustration from the "Shooter's Guide," by B. Johnson, published in 1811. The author was one of the early advocates of the short barrel gun, as will be gathered from the extracts quoted on this page

By MAX BAKER

During the course of the shooting season "The Bystander" will publish articles by Mr. Max Baker, dealing with the technical side of the sport. Mr. Baker has participated in every development of the shot gun for the last forty years, and is thus well equipped to run the tape over modern changes and innovations

THE great advantage about having to rank as an authority on shooting is that you never have to learn anything new in order to keep right up to date, the latest novelty being always a fully certified antique. For instance, I find the recent move towards shortened barrels referred to in the following terms in a book exactly 120 years old:

> "THE BEST FOWLING PIECE.—The length of barrel twenty-six to twenty-eight inches, a barrel twenty-two inches long, I have been informed, will carry as far as one twenty-six."
>
> (B. JOHNSON, *Shooter's Guide*, 1811.)

So not only is 26 inches authorised, but the way is prepared for 22 inches. If I want to know the disadvantages of long barrels I have but to read a few lines farther down to come upon the following convincing explanation:

> "There is one very strong objection against a very long gun, which is that of being point-heavy. A gun is said to be point-heavy when, in the act of taking aim, it feels heavy at the muzzle, and has consequently a tendency to throw below the object."

THE above illustration, taken from the same book, locates the period to a nicety, and reminds us that the modern gun has to cope with a much more difficult mark than that of a going-away bird flushed at the feet and labouring in its rise. Instead, we have it in full flight—overhead, crossing or travelling at a slant-wise angle, all of which demand a style of work as rapidly performed as are strokes with a tennis racket.

SINCE the driving of game became general some forty years ago, shooting skill has advanced in proportion. In order to meet the need for greater liveliness in manipulation, guns also have undergone remarkable changes in the interval. The limit seemed at last to have been reached. Barrels had become so slender they shot rather low, yet no new gun handled quite so nicely as one with the tubes worn, repaired and polished to paper thinness.

Then arose the remarkable discovery, or rediscovery, of short barrels, a system of construction providing the sturdiness that ensures correct flight of charge, yet saving dead weight at a point where ounces count as quarter pounds. Do they shoot as well? Are they equally responsive to aim? Or is it a mere stunt to stimulate a new fashion, with certain reaction hereafter?

WITH others I have asked, and till lately continued to ask, these questions, patiently awaiting the only possible conclusive answer. Already it has to a great extent been provided by a most amazing slump in the price of second-hand guns, this at a time when everybody is bent on economy, whilst paying strict attention to value. The verdict of the many assures us that results with short barrels show a sufficiently definite improvement to put the old ones right out of date. Free advertisement by the now large body of users is the motive force behind the great change that is proceeding in spite of bad times.

Even with a tall man the thirty-inch barrel looks full long, as the above photograph proves. The pose shows a nice balance for taking the recoil

A twenty-five inch gun in use. An overhead shot accentuates the agreeable proportions of the short barrel

SOME of the reasons which assist the

These two photographs, particularly the one on the left, display the advantage of a flexible spine when taking shots at high angle. This permits of a more natural bedding of the butt in the shoulder than would be possible if the angle was given wholly by the gun

change-over are worth noting. The shooters of to-day are not the tough old squires who daily perambulated their estates, nor the equally obsolete men of leisure who spent their energy pursuing a variety of sports and exercises. Some squires remain, but the majority have been compelled to let their shooting: the men of leisure have with one accord gone into business. Most of the fun is now had by those *earning*, rather than those *enjoying*, an income. In one way and another the upper working classes are the shooters of to-day: the professional men and the chiefs of industry. They are not athletes in the ordinary sense; true, they have nerve power and extreme readiness of hand and eye, but severe exertion is not in their line.

WHAT more natural than they should favour a style of gun which economises labour? The sharp, quick lift will always be needed, likewise resistance to a recoil punch running into many foot-pounds during the day; alertness must be ever fresh; and, as for walking, it varies with the occasion, but is no joke on a hilly moor. As a day progresses, the difference between a lively and a sluggish piece is no problem in theory, but a real, live fact.

The three photographs seen above are useful as showing the importance of stock-fitting, since each displays for its own particular line of fire a composite union between shooter and gun whereby recoil is minimised and aim control assisted

THE associated problem of recoil, which is of particular importance in these days of ever-lightening guns, is greatly assisted by short barrels. Their reduced vibration lessens a disturbance which is often mistaken for recoil; in fact, causes more distress than the actual thrust on the shoulder. Further, the margin of weight "to play with" permits the grip of the stock to be strengthened, so conferring a double advantage. The first is that the thrust is conveyed to the shoulder without any loss by whippiness in the gun. The second is that the defect of many old guns in having too slender a grip for the average size of hand can be remedied. In combination these changes in the stock promote a better union between shooter and gun, a condition specially emphasised in the accompanying illustrations. The sensation of recoil, as distinguished from its mathematical measurement, depends on a stiff gun forming, so to speak, part of the shooter.

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THE LESSON

UP THE STEEP BANK

Two water-colour drawings by R. Ward Binks included in his exhibition of studies of gun dogs, showing incidents in a day's shooting. This exhibition, which will remain open into August, is being held at the Greatorex Galleries

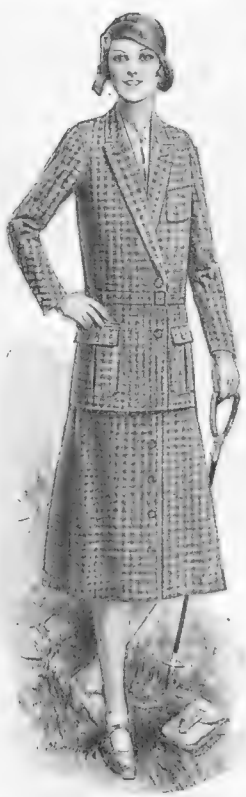
TO LEARN THE WAYS OF GAME

SOMEONE recently asked how I would recommend anyone who had never done any shooting to make himself master of the art, and so be able for the rest of his life to enjoy its unique satisfactions. He pictured a youngish man, destined for high position in business, therefore working hard, but amply supplied with funds and the energy necessary to indulge during week-ends in various forms of intensive locomotion, in the air, on land and water. Shooting is certainly a desirable accomplishment; it imparts the true sporting outlook, and has the advantage of lasting beyond middle-age, offering the best of recreation and companionship throughout.

LIKE so many other things, it ought to be learnt young, for preference in schooltime holidays, roaming over a nice piece of country under the care of some wise monitor. That opportunity never having arisen it has to be manufactured afterwards, and I propose to discuss a manner of doing it.

The mere buying of a gun and firing the necessary hundreds of cartridges—preferably thousands—at a shooting ground may be dismissed quite casually.

(Continued on page 206)



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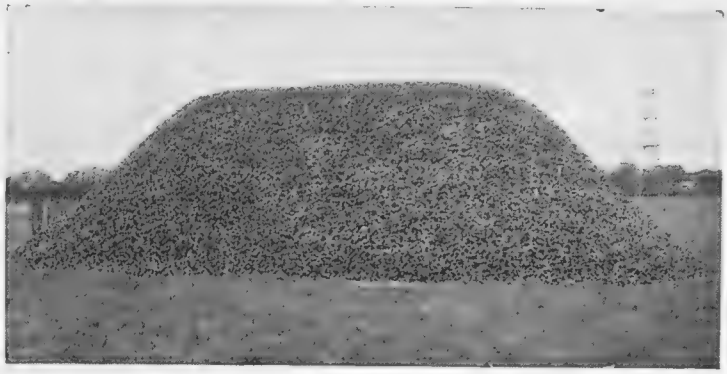

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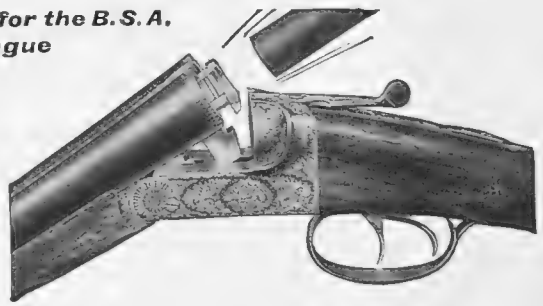

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SHOOTING SUPPLEMENT (continued from page 204)

If the human material is right the process makes a shot of a sort, though never a complete shot. And the problem under discussion is how to make a sportsman. If our budding Nimrod takes a gun in a shoot—supposing the others have consented to his admission—progress will be very slow indeed, and the experience sufficiently full of humiliations and disappointments to deny aptitude its chance. Rather should the start be made away from the etiquette, responsibilities, and restrictions of a shooting party.

FAR better to choose a piece of country convenient of access and enquire from "mine host" of the wayside inn whether any shooting is available round about. Alternatively, one may approach the farmers direct, gathering information as the enquiry proceeds. On a larger scale, agents may be consulted; even the local rabbit-catcher may be sought out, with promises of employment should a plan mature. In my younger days I did all these things, and was able to pick up some wonderful bits of rough shooting, gaining friends as I went along and never spending any considerable sums of money.

Wildfowling I tackled the same way, first choosing my district, then making myself known to the local professional, and finally taking a nice piece of land shooting near, so as to mix the two. The general effect on all occasions was to spend many hours gun in hand, with eyes alert and the senses tuned up so as to be ready for any chance that offered. Such, in essence, is the schooling which converts mere gun skill into sportsmanship.

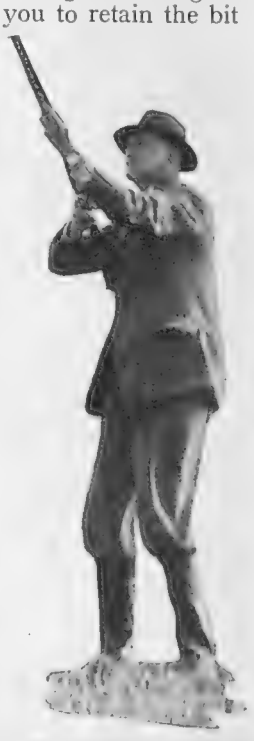
Gun skill can get the shot, but it misses the chances.

MUCH of my work was done alone, but the favourite method was to go in with a partner, the pair of us walking some twenty-five yards apart, with the staff of the occasion filling the gap between. So treated, a little bit of ground—say 300-500 acres—goes a long way with once-a-week shooting, the experience gained transcending what is possible with disciplined parties. Each shooter is an outside gun all the while, enjoying a big radius for safe shooting, this being just the right mixture of caution and freedom to impose on the novice who is out to learn.

Far and away the best experience of this sort was obtained on a shoot already under the charge of a highly capable keeper. We kept the same twenty-five yards front, he in the middle directing the line, dictating the pace, gathering the game, and, with the aid of a boy, from time to time conducting impromptu drives. This gives the clue. If you can afford it, and find the right man, engage a keeper, go in with a friend to share expenses, learn all the arts of collaboration when in pursuit of game, and, after the due quota has been obtained, carry on industriously with ferreting right through the winter.

WORKING thus, you should soon become the accomplished sportsman, and if you should later on join a party, the taste for doing something on your own will lead you to retain the bit of rough shooting for intermixing with the more formal ceremonies. If an interest for dog work should develop, the little shoot will permit experiments not elsewhere allowed. Whichever way inclination leads, the foundation has been laid for assured progress.

M. B.



A shot over the right shoulder. The body turn is assisted by equally distributing the weight on the two feet

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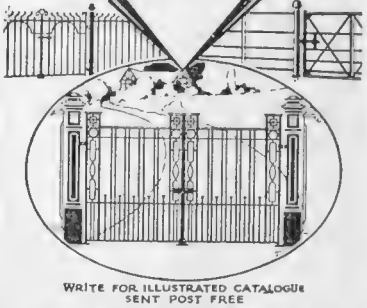

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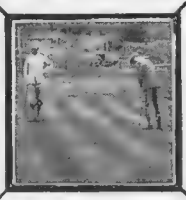

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DOGS

SHUN THE STUD DOG By Lady Kitty Ritson

I HAVE had several letters from correspondents on the subject of stud dogs, these letters being from people who are thinking of starting a kennel in a small way. The majority of them assume that the easiest thing to do is to buy a stud dog and then to sit back in a comfortable armchair and let the shekels roll in. How delightful would be the existence of the average dog breeder if that were the case.

HOWEVER much I hate to disturb your dreams of affluence, I must do so, at the risk of your never reading my words of wisdom again. My advice to the novice is summed up in one word: DON'T. A stud dog is a proposition for the experienced breeder only, and even then there is an immense amount of luck in the whole matter. Just what is a stud dog, at least a successful one? It isn't a male dog capable of fathering a lot of puppies, because any mongrel can, and does, do this with amazing ease. It is the power to produce puppies as good or better than himself, and to stamp them with his hall mark. But that is not all.

HE must be a successful show-ring winner, and you must be prepared to tote him round to most of the big shows, so that people may see and admire him. Even then you have not finished. You must hope to sell his puppies to people who will make the most of them, bring them up properly, and take them about to shows. You must have luck with the first bitches that he mates, because a few mediocre puppies will damn him as a sire in the eyes of the dog world, who will always blame the dog and never the bitch for bad progeny.

Major Baird and Lord Hillingdon judging entries at the Pytchley Hunt Puppy Show at Althorp Park. During the proceedings a presentation was made to Frank Freeman, who has just retired after being the Huntsman for twenty-five years

You must find out what bloodlines suit him best, and be firm enough to refuse all bitches otherwise bred. Finally, you must own your stud dog in times of economic prosperity, and not in a period of depression, such as prevails at the moment, or you will be expected to take puppies in lieu of stud fees.

NOW, do you, a beginner, feel capable of doing all this? If you do, I envy your optimism rather than your brains. I don't suppose for a moment that you will believe me, but I am speaking the truth. There is only one way for a novice to have a little success, make a little money and earn a great deal of experience, and that is by investing in one or two (and better one than two) brood bitches, mating them to the best possible dogs, and waiting till he or she has learned a lot of dog-lore before investing in a stud dog. And even then you had better breed your own and not buy. If you keep a good dog puppy, and he makes a "top-notcher," he is money in your pocket, and if he turns out a failure you can sell him as a pet (that is, if he is of a medium-sized breed). But to buy a proved stud dog will cost you a very large sum, which you may never get back, and even to buy a supposedly good one will not be cheap; and if he is a "dud" bang goes many a sixpence.

I AM not pretending that a first-class stud dog is not a small gold mine on some occasions (I know a dog that made seven hundred a year for two years for his owners), but he is a rara avis and not to be acquired by anything but a huge amount of experience, and a vast packet of luck.

So give up all thoughts of a stud dog and keep your money in your pocket.

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Assembled at MARSHALL & SNELGROVE'S, OXFORD STREET, W.1

Reading from left to right: A llama travelling coat lined with waterproof silk in natural undyed shades, price **8½ guineas.** (2) A suit of Meyer's bordered tweed with tabbed collar and crêpe de Chine scarf, in good mixture colours, the price, made to order, is **16½ guineas.** (3) A jumper suit in black-and-white check novelty jersey material, broad red patent leather belt, or in brown and white, or green and white (foreign), the price is **6 guineas.** (4) Small woman's two-piece in suiting; coat with collar of Persian lamb. In a few good colours and four sizes. Price **13½ guineas.** (5) A travelling coat in Cumberland homespun with new revers and collar of shaved lamb in good shades, the price is **8½ guineas.**

FASHION FANCIES

A PRACTICAL SHOOTING ENSEMBLE

Simplicity is the salient feature of this shooting kit, which has been designed and carried out by Burberrys, in the Haymarket. The skirt is of diagonal Saxony finished tweed and the coat is of green suède with zyp fastening

SMART ACCESSORIES FROM SALE REMNANTS

THE FLATTERING VALUE OF FURS, BEACH PYJAMAS AND JEWELLERY

Accessories That Please

ALTHOUGH many of the sales are over, others do not terminate until the end of this week. During those days many gilt-edge investments are to be obtained. Illustrated on this page are suggestions for the utilisation of remnants. They cannot fail to add to the charm of any dress. A black dress may be brought up to date with the white crêpe de Chine tunic, as home dressmakers always find sleeves rather troublesome to arrange satisfactorily; it may be robbed of these. The accessories are black to match the slip; mittens might be substituted for the gloves—in lace and suède they are being offered at simply give-away prices. The scheme might well be completed with a pair of linen-fabric shoes—either Court or bar shape. They are merely 12*s.* 11*d.* a pair in all modish shades.

These extremely individual accessories may easily be made from sale remnants. There is the graceful tunic, the tuck-in blouse, the gaily coloured bolero, and the fur collar, which only needs a few stitches to finish it

Blouses and Boleros

THE blouse portrayed would look well in almost any summer fabric. The sleeves, which are drawn in at the wrists, are particularly becoming. The graduated motifs in front are destined to be made of embroidery. The bolero is the simplest thing in the world to make from a small remnant of a wool fabric; it is just right for slipping on after tennis or other games. As will be seen, it is extremely decorative.

The Fur Collar

DURING August and the beginning of September it is generally too warm to wear a coat; nevertheless, so accustomed have women become to the flattery of furs that they are loth to discard the high collar, which may rest against the column of the throat or stand well away from it. Therefore a furrier is creating collars of this character, which are particularly becoming, and can be packed into a very small space. They are available for about half a guinea; naturally, the pelts are not of the highest quality; they wear well, and do not resent visits to the cleaner's.

Concerning Pyjamas

STUDIO, cocktail, and beach suits—call them what you will, but not what is now regarded as a "back"-number pyjamas—have come to stay. A toll has been levied on every material for their creation. At the fashionable plages a wool swimming suit takes the place of crêpe de Chine or other underwear. The trousers are voluminous, but they are more often than not provided with a cleverly arranged hip yoke, to which are attached braces; they pass over the shoulders, and are crossed over at the back; a tuck-in blouse and bolero complete the scheme. Where the braces are missing a jumper takes the place of the blouse, and there is a long coat. For beach and garden wear cretonne and plain and printed shantung are looked on with favour. For the studio suits, brocades, satins, and crêpe de Chines have their rôles to play.

Beach Jewellery

STONES do not occupy a prominent rôle where beach jewellery is concerned. It may be because they are heavy; especially is this the case with onyx. Wooden beads are well represented; they are carved and painted in the cleverest way imaginable; indeed, many women are buying plain wooden beads and decorating them. Others are collecting walnut shells and mixing them with those that are to be found on the beach. Cowrie shells, both painted and plain, have much to be said in their favour. Furthermore, it is wonderful what may be done with ordinary corks. Large beads are made of a composition that bears a striking resemblance to that used for ping-pong balls. It seems almost unnecessary to add that it is very light; therefore, the beads may be large. It is important that the jewellery harmonises in colour with the beach suit. Bracelets are looked on with the utmost favour; sometimes they differ from the necklaces in design but match them where colour is concerned.

Can't Sleep—Can't Eat —Can't Work

—Victim of Self-Poisoning

Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick-headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

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COMING EVENTS.

CRICKET—Aug. 8, 10, 11, Yorkshire v. Northants (at Bradford). Aug. 15, 17, 18, Yorkshire v. Middlesex (at Leeds).
SHOWS—Aug. 6-8, Harrogate Agricultural Show. Sept. 16-18, North of England Flower Show, Harrogate. Nov. 17-18, Harrogate Chrysanthemum Show.
RACING—Aintree, July 22-24. York, Aug. 25-27. St. Leger Week at Doncaster, Sept. 8-11.

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MOTOR NOTES

The latest Golden Crossley seen in a picturesque corner of rural England The photograph was taken near Little Milton, in Berkshire

HOUSES OF HORROR

By E. M. Wright

THOUSANDS of motorists on holiday are at present thinking longingly of the day when they return home—particularly those who have rashly set out on a long tour. Glorious summer weather, the country at its best, and a jolly party of friends—such a holiday ought to be perfect. But obstinately your thoughts return to the awful hotel in which you spent the previous night, and the equally awful one you are making for. How can you enjoy a holiday when you are racked with indigestion, and heavy-eyed from sleepless nights on hard and lumpy beds or cloying, suffocatingly soft ones? And how can you feel at ease when, rather than pay an exorbitant charge, you start the day unbathed?

***

THE A.A. and the R.A.C. recommend hotels, inns, and lodging houses. Their recommendation, however, is no guarantee. This is no criticism of their efforts. They must take the hotels as they find them, and all that their recommendation can possibly imply is that, of a very indifferent selection, this or that establishment is the least unpleasant The A.A. and the R.A.C. have made, and are still making, laudable attempts to improve the standard of accommodation, but it rests, after all, with the hotel keepers themselves whether suggested improvements are carried out. Our American cousins never weary of pointing out the many shortcomings, even of the most up-to-date hotels in London. I could never bring myself to sully the pages of THE BYSTANDER even with a bowdlerised version of their comments on the average holiday caravanserai.

***

WHAT *is* the ideal? The average holiday-maker does not ask for garish luxury, but he does ask for added creature comforts to compensate for the mental and spiritual discomfort inseparable from hotel life. Comparatively few private houses, for instance, possess hot and cold running water in the bedrooms, yet the first thing most of us demand of a hotel bedroom is that it shall be adequately equipped with h. and c. Incidentally, the first difference which strikes the eye of a British holiday-maker on the Continent is the almost universal provision of hot and cold water. Here it is a luxury to be met with only in the larger hotels. Abroad, one may put up at small second-class hotels secure in the knowledge that washing will at least be comfortable. The average hotel in this country is frankly dirty. How often can you be sure even of a clean table cloth? Our friends across the Channel may not bathe with the same punctilious regularity as we do, but they take just as much pleasure in cleanliness, and express their feelings in perpetual scrubbing and dusting. It is a significant commentary on the people that carpet beating in many countries abroad has to be restrained by law.

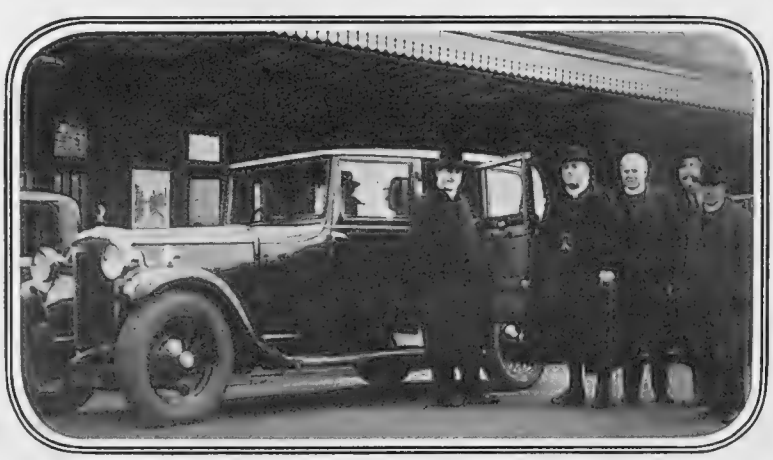
***

THEN there is the question of food and service. Recollections of the dinners and lunches I have eaten in the course of my wanderings leave me so sick and giddy that I scarcely dare describe my impressions. That limp, half-cold slab of greasy fish—ugh! That solid wedge of ancient cabbage leaves, and that leathery piece of beef or mutton swimming in watery gravy. Need I descend to sordid details? The barest reference is enough. We all have to suffer, and many of my readers may, even now, be suffering either the nauseating smells which precede the meal, or the bilious headache which follows.

***

THE Lord helps those who help themselves, but may the Lord have pity upon those who put their trust in the service provided at the average holiday hotel. And in no respect is service less efficient than in the handling of visitors' cars. A friend of mine was actually compelled, when visiting a popular holiday resort, to leave his car a whole night in the street. Not only had the hotel no garage space for its guests, but it could not recommend one near at hand, and, despite a long and weary pilgrimage, my friend could find no garage of any sort which was not crowded to capacity. He was fined, of course! In the picture we have of the old-fashioned inn in the coaching days there is always an inn yard alive with bustling ostlers. The traveller had no need to concern himself with his horses. It was the innkeeper's job to see that they were housed and fed and saddled ready for his guest's departure the following morning. Such service nowadays is unthinkable. Often you may count yourself lucky if you find room for the car in an open yard.

(*Continued on page* iv)



The Archbishop of Cardiff taking delivery of the new 16/20 Daimler limousine recently supplied by the Cardiff branch of the official distributors, Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd The car is fitted with the new Daimler fluid flywheel and self-changing gear

A S . D E P E N D A B L E . A S . A N . A U S T I N

"My fourth Austin . . . each has been alike in faultless performance"

THE TWENTY RANELAGH LIMOUSINE

***Owner Report No. 338; Austin Twenty; Chassis No. 3200; Registration No. GK4692**

Even in these days of excellent cars of moderate price—even to the experienced motorist of long standing—the choice of a new car presents a problem. To those, however, who already have known the willing, economical, lasting service which only Austin ownership can give, decision is easy—inevitably their choice is *another* Austin . . . . as this report shows:

So satisfied was this owner with his first Austin, that he bought, through the years, a second . . . a third . . . and yet a fourth car of this make. "Each of these" he says, "has been alike in faultless performance. My present car, a Twenty Ranelagh Limousine, is running perfectly—as one has come to expect from any Austin. In fact, those of my friends who have paid a much higher figure for cars which cannot compete with the Austin in performance, are somewhat chagrined to find that such a distinguished looking car can be bought for £575."

When the question of a new car arises, do not experiment — but play safe and sure by investing in an Austin —the car of outstanding dependability. Your nearest Austin dealer will gladly demonstrate any model.

**Remember. This is an Austin owner's experience. No specially made tests are solicited or published in this series of reports.*

The Twenty Ranelagh Limousine (as illustrated)

£575

(AT WORKS)

Upholstered in Vaumol luxour grain hide or fine carriage cloth. Folding auxiliary seats. Centre folding and side armrests. Equipment includes Triplex glass, chromium finish and Dunlop tyres. Marlborough Landaulet £525. Mayfair or Whitehall Saloon £530. Sunshine Roof £10 extra.

AUSTIN

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE: 4d. EVERY MONTH

The Austin Motor Company Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham. Showrooms, also Service Station for the Austin Seven: 479-483 Oxford Street, London, W.1. Showrooms and Service Station: Holland Park Hall, W.11.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page ii)

IN THE NEWS

A Test of Reliability

Details of the three days' reliability demonstration recently organised by the Ford Company strikingly demonstrate the soundness of the average owner-driven car. There was no attempt to break records, but, as every motorist knows, to maintain an average of 24 m.p.h. steadily without stopping the engine once for three days and three nights is a severe test for any ordinary car. And the cars which took part in the demonstration were not highly tuned special models, but standard New Fords. Some were entirely new models, while others were three years old. One veteran with 50,000 miles to its credit had taken part in the last two Monte Carlo Rallies, and had won eight gold medals in M.C.C. reliability trials.

Fine Performances

The cars did not all follow the same roads. Cars in each area throughout the British Isles were allotted special circuits, and at the close of the demonstration they all assembled at three rallying points—English cars meeting at Stratford-on-Avon, Scottish cars in Edinburgh, and Irish cars in Dublin. Accounts of the demonstration referred to the "almost monotonous regularity" with which the cars completed their laps. But from the owners' point of view this monotonous regularity is only another way of describing consistent performance throughout a long and arduous run.

Sir Eric Geddes and Protection

Sir Eric Geddes, Chairman of the Dunlop Rubber Company, is a strong advocate of Protection. In his pamphlet "Mass Production" (Pelican Press, 6d.), he insists that new methods of factory production make it essential to protect our industries by means of tariffs—and that without delay. Our growing inability to face foreign competition is not due to lack of courage, enterprise or ingenuity—but to dumping. Sir Eric demonstrates how, to an ever-increasing extent, the foreign mass producer can sell in this lone Free Trade market at far below full cost of production—and still improve his profit position. "If," he states, "our manufacturers cannot be equipped with the full armour of mass production our export trade must pass from us." To equip our industry with the armour it needs, it must first be protected from onslaughts from abroad.

Miss Lea Seidl, the leading lady of "White Horse Inn" at the Coliseum, enjoys a run in the country in the intervals of work. The car is one of the new Hillman Wizards

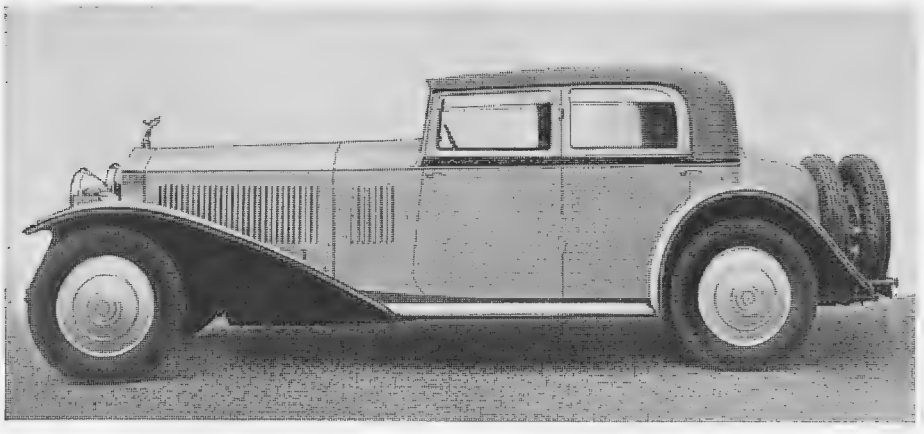
Those Licences Again

Despite the many notices that have been issued on the subject, the R.A.C. is still defending a large number of motorists every week who have been summoned for failing to sign their driving licences. Every driver, be he the owner of a car, motor cycle or commercial vehicle, is now required by law to sign his driving licence as soon as it is issued.

A Bull's Revenge

From Transvaal comes the story of a bull's long-delayed revenge. The owner of a Morris Minor overtook a native in difficulties with a bull he was trying to drive to a nearby farm, and promptly assisted by crawling in bottom gear behind the animal, hooting every time it stopped. This was too much for the bull. For weeks afterwards, whenever he saw this car passing, he gave vent to his injured pride, although no notice was ever taken of other cars. His revenge came when, a little time later, he was again being driven along the road and found the Minor unoccupied. At once he "gored" the side-screen, and when the owner appeared was found gazing at him through the back of the car, his face a study in serene content now that he had got his own back.

E. M. W.



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Touring
Saloon

I can only mention the tremendous acceleration and power that can be secured from this car. I am thoroughly amazed at the speed and the steady running, and can bear out your statement without the slightest hesitation, that in owning a Rolls-Royce one possesses THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD. *Owner's letter, Reference No. 2033*

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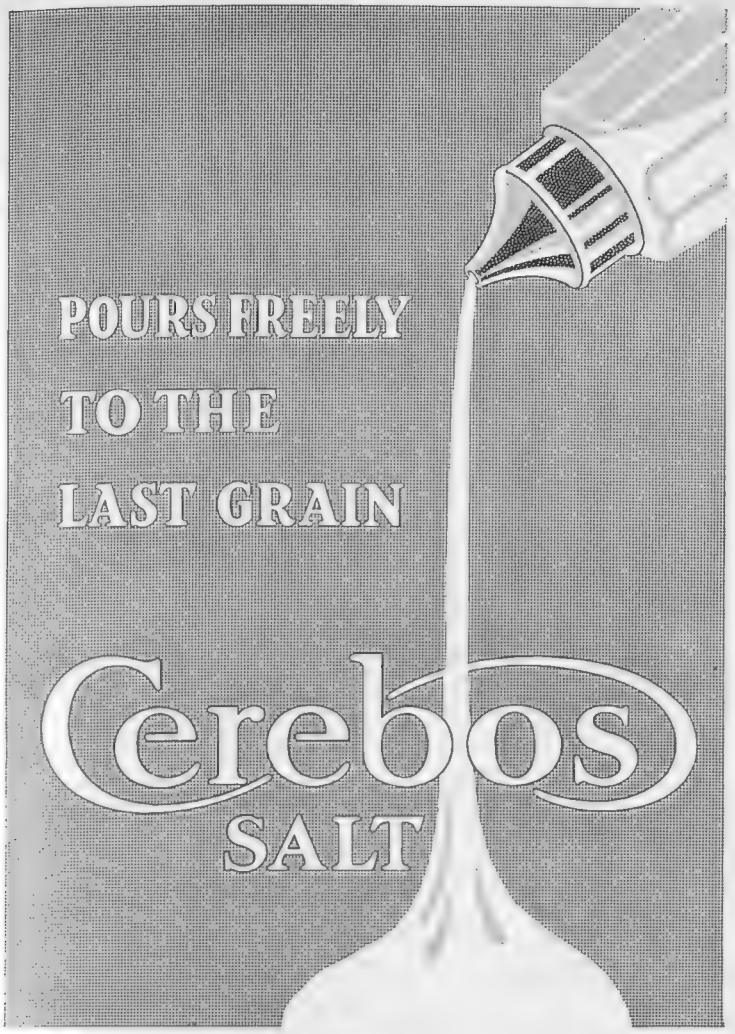

BEAGLES

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has been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY

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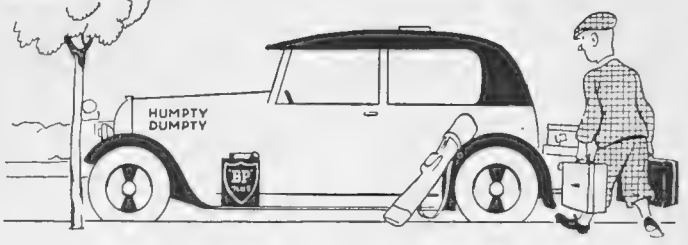
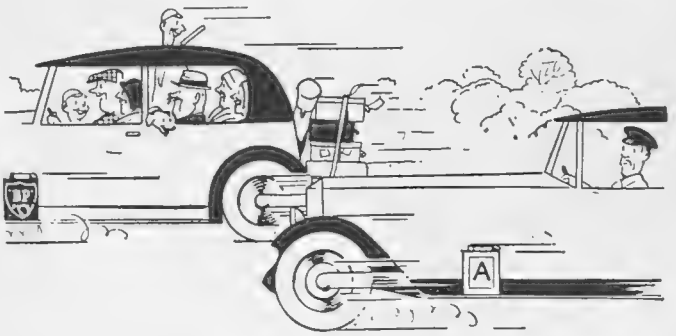
'BP' RHYMES OF THE ROAD



Humpty Dumpty stood in the road,
Humpty Dumpty had a great load,

But on the King's Highway
cars bigger than he
Couldn't pass Humpty—
he used Plus 'BP'!



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THE GOURMET — by Emilia

Luncheon

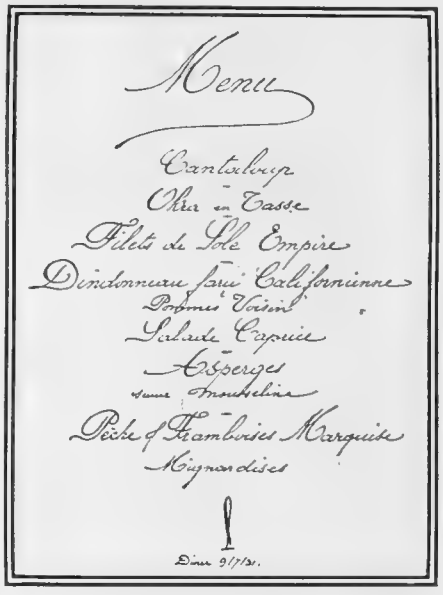
HORS D'ŒUVRES.
(SALADE À LA NAPOLITAINE.)

HOMARD À L'AMÉRICAINE.

SALMIS DE PIGEONS.
PURÉE DE CHAMPIGNONS.
POMMES NOUVELLES.

COMPOTE DE PÊCHES.

CAFÉ.



The menu of an attractive dinner. It was served recently in the restaurant of the Dorchester, in Park Lane

Salade à la Napolitaine

MAKE a salad of lettuce and endive mixed with tartare sauce, and surround it with alternate slices of Bologna sausage and hard-boiled eggs.

Homard à l'Américaine

CUT up about one and a half cupfuls of fresh lobster. Put into a stewpan one heaped tablespoonful of butter and the same quantity of minced onion, and fry well together till slightly coloured. Stir in one tablespoonful of flour, cook till blended, and then add gradually one cupful of thick strained tomatoes—which should have been previously cooked and rubbed through a sieve—add salt and cayenne. Stir in the lobster, cut up small, and cook in the sauce for ten minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and serve at once.

Salmis de Pigeons

TRUSS three pigeons and half roast them, then divide into four or six pieces, remove the skin, mince an onion, and fry in hot butter. Then add ¾ pint of stock, skin and trimming of the pigeons, and simmer for three-quarters of an hour. Tie a clove and a few peppercorns in muslin and add. Now strain the stock, return it to the pan with the joints of the birds, and simmer for a quarter of an hour, or until quite tender. Dish the pigeons on a croûton of fried bread with a purée of mushrooms over. Thicken the gravy and add three tablespoonfuls of sherry. Stir till it boils and pour round the dish.

PURÉE DE CHAMPIGNONS.—Peel and wash 1 lb. of mushrooms, dry them and chop them fairly small; melt the butter, add the mushrooms, 1 oz. of glaze, and seasoning, and 3 tablespoonfuls of breadcrumbs. Cook until the mushrooms are quite tender, and pour over the pigeons, or pile in the centre of the dish and put the joints of the pigeons around.

Compote de Pêches

PARE a dozen ripe peaches and stew them very softly from eighteen to twenty minutes, keeping them often turned in a light syrup made with 5 oz. of sugar and half a pint of water boiled together for ten minutes. Dish the fruit, reduce the syrup by quick boiling, pour it over the peaches, and serve them with cream.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Forest Fires

The Automobile Association asks motorists to take all precautions to avoid the possibility of fires which, during the present season, have caused considerable damage in our woods and forests. The majority of these have originated with camp fires, live cigarette ends, etc., and during the present fine weather the risk is considerably increased. It is not generally realised that in some instances outbreaks of fire can be caused through the sun's rays being intensified when coming in contact with broken bottles, and not only on these grounds, but for the preservation of the countryside, the A.A. requests motorists to leave popular picnicking grounds in the same condition as they would like to find them

An Autumn Cruise

On October 2 the Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Australia, a magnificent oil-burning vessel of 22,000 tons, will leave Southampton on a delightful three weeks' cruise to the Mediterranean. An interesting itinerary has been arranged, visits will be made to Ceuta, Palma, Ajaccio, Susa, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Algiers, Casablanca, etc. The Empress of Australia, popularly known as the "Dreamship of Cruises," is famous the world over for her steadiness and comfort. She has a Pompeiian swimming pool, ballroom, sports deck, gymnasium, etc. Full particulars may be obtained from the Cruise Department, Canadian Pacific, 62-65, Charing Cross, London, S.W.1.

World's Longest Non-Stop Train Run

On Monday, July 20, the "Flying Scotsman" express, for the fourth year in succession, started its non-stop run in both directions between London (King's Cross) and Edinburgh (Waverley), a distance of 392¼ miles. This is the longest daily non-stop run which has ever been made by any train in the world. As the journey is too long for one driver and fireman, special tenders have been built with corridors running through them, which are vestibuled to the train to enable the driver and fireman on duty to change places with another driver and fireman, who are in the first compartment, without stopping the train, when the half journey is completed. Some interesting facts about the run are: Time taken, 8¼ hours; coal required, 5 tons; water required, 13,000 gallons; weight of train 400 tons; cost of engine and train, £42,000; type of engine, 4-6-2 (Pacific), with corridor tender. The engine commences its journey with 5,000 gallons of water in the tender and picks up about thirteen hundred gallons at each of six troughs en route. A non-stop run of nearly 400 miles is one of the severest tests to which a locomotive can be put, but no engine failures occurred during last year's runs. The "Flying Scotsman" has left King's Cross at the scheduled departure time of 10 a.m. every weekday for the last 69 years, and the non-stop run gives an uninterrupted journey between the capitals of England and Scotland.

MR. RICHARD HAIG

He was recently appointed to be Manager of the English branch of "His Master's Voice" by the Gramophone Company, Ltd.

More British Enterprise

Although a late start at the post was made by British motor boat manufacturers, we are interested to hear that they are fast catching up and overhauling the American builders in the sale of fast motor boats in Europe. The British Power Boat Company have just sold one of their well-known utility craft, the Sea-Jack, to the French flying ace and millionaire, M. Brequet, for use as a tender both for his magnificent yacht and his seaplane. British skill and craftsmanship is continually capturing new markets all over the world.

BEAUTIFUL SPAIN

An aspect of the Monastery of ESCORIAL.

GRANADA. The Alhambra Courtyard of the Lions.

SEGOVIA. The Castle

SANTANDER. Polo Field.

SAN SEBASTIAN. From Monte Igueldo.

MADRID. Plaza de Castelar and Alcalá Street.

VISIT SPAIN where Sun is Shining and Life is Smiling

The country of Romance, which offers attractions of many kinds. A journey across Spain takes one through towering mountains into villages with a charm all their own, inhabited by conservative, picturesque peasants whose courtesy is proverbial. In sharp distinction to this Arcadian existence, cities abound, impressive with churches, gracious with ruins and relics of days gone by. For the artist there are not only pictures painted by great craftsmen, but also those limned on the canvas of the sky.

On the purely material side, Spain offers comfort unexcelled by any country in the world. Though intensely conservative, even primitive in parts, the most modern conveniences are available. Together with this there is a geniality of welcome extended by the Spanish which enhances the more solid attractions of the land.

In these days of economic depression money is a prime consideration. Spain is essentially an inexpensive country. Even the most luxurious hotels are considerably cheaper than those of equal rank in many other lands, while hotels of the second class are moderate and offer every possible comfort to the patron.

For all information and literature apply to the Offices of the National Board for Travel in Spain, at **PARIS**, 12, *Boulevard de la Madeleine;* **NEW YORK**, 695, *Fifth Avenue;* **ROME**, 9, *Via Condotti;* **GIBRALTAR**, 63-67, *Main Street. At* **LONDON** *and other cities apply to Cook's and Wagons Lits, or the American Express or any other Travel Agency.*

It is the newest mode to wear the hair rather flatly on the crown of the head with a fuller wave below. This is a clever and favourite hairdressing, for it permits of the clear contour of the head being visible. A little touch of delightful mystery is added by the delicate clustering curls about the nape.

This coiffure can be achieved by Marcel waving, water waving and permanent waving.

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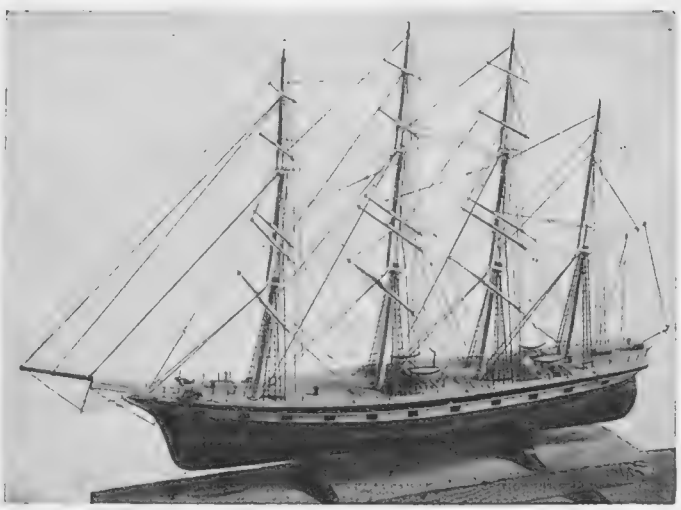
"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON



Length (figurehead to stern), 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of 'Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

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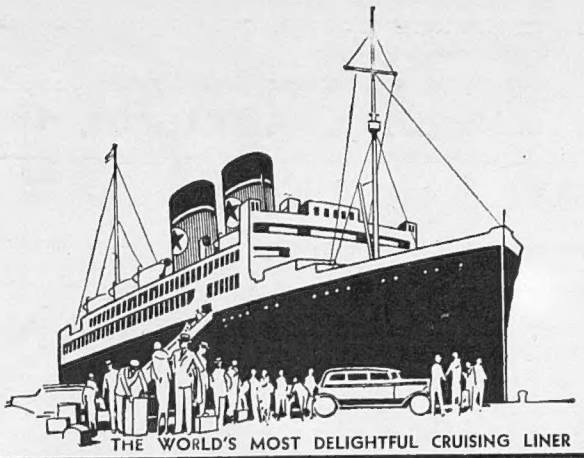

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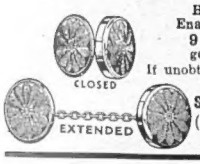

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"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

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